1 EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

OPEN ON a pearly grey morning on the waterfront -- the docks, the end of the pier.

It is many years ago. The twenties.

An event is unfolding. There are spectators and flash camera press. There is a band. There are more important looking men and some women. There is a boat, small, and some lifeguards. There is radio microphone doing an early remote coverage.

We play the event for style and detail and at some point hear the voice of the announcer.

CARLETON FOXX
(very striking old-time journalist's voice)
And good day to you, ladies and gentlemen -- this is the voice of Carleton Foxx coming to you live from the Jersey Coast. A day of anticipation -- a day of suspense -- but it is here at last and there is a tension in the air as we prepare to witness a death-defying feat ~~of escape~~ so dangerous that special permission had to be obtained from the governor's office before it could be attempted. Despite the cold weather and threats of rain, a good number of people have turned out on this bleak November morning, and reporters from all over the nation are on hand to mark the event. The music in the background you're hearing is being provided by the WPGT Gypsies as WPGT,

All this being played on crowd material, not him, except for perhaps his opening line or two.

CARLETON FOXX (contd)
~~And now, you too~~, through the modern miracle of radio ~~-- you can be~~ makes it possible for you to be present when --

CUT TO:

2 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. DAY. (VARIOUS)

Some VARIOUS SHOTS of people before their radios under several circumstances, totally rapt by what they're hearing.

2 CONTD

Each CUT should count for us. People tuned in on their crude period radios -- or large ones -- kids, men, women, faces -- so engrossed that their home activities are taking second place.

FOXX (contd)
The World's Greatest Escape artist, the astonishing ~~-- the great~~ Tonino defies science, and challenges death. Yes, ~~WPGT is~~ we are live and on the spot allowing you to live this event without leaving your own home. Let me paint the picture -- the weather is grey, a mist hangs ominously in the air ... Newspaper men, scientists, and curious onlookers huddle at the water's edge anxiously awaiting the appearance of ~~Tonino.~~ the man they call "The Cat With Nine Lives"... The man who has escaped from prison cells, from handcuffs, from a lead container sealed shut with a blow torch. The man who will, in just moments escape from a milk can that is hurled into the waters of the icy Atlantic.

CUT BACK TO:

3 EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

FOXX (contd)
... We're getting a little edged by the crowd here --

This is happening among other things.

FOXX (contd)
-- can we move back over here ... George -- George -- please give us a little room ... We're broadcasting live ... This is a live broadcast ... please don't crowd up this area ... Oh, someone spilled hot soup on the Mayor — oh, I'll bet that smarts — for those who cannot be here to see it, the Mayor is doing a little dance — that soup is hot!

WE SEE coffee and hot soup being dispensed.

Band enters playing lively tune (to be determined).

FOXX (contd)
~~There is live music here provided by The Chamber of Commerce ...~~
And here's one of the promoters of the event ... Can we get a word? ... Sir? ... My. Rydell -- can we get a word? We're on the air live ... this is a live broadcast ... Can you say hello to the many Americans who at this moment sit enthralled by the tensely unfolding details ...

3 CONTD

MR. RYDELL
This is the greatest and we're all just as excited as could be ...

FOXX
And the Astonishing Tonino -- perhaps the greatest escape artist that Europe has ever produced -- Could you move back -- we're broadcasting live ... The orchestra is playing [song we determine] ... Mr. Rydell?

Oh, gee -- someone's kicked our connection loose. Plug that in. [TECHNICIANS SIGNALLING]

But he's gone --

FOXX (contd)
Can you give us a little room ...

CUT TO crowd activity.

Sometimes ON Foxx, other times of the hysteria, to be worked out later.

FOXX (contd)
I'd love to get a word with Tonino's wife, who is standing with City Councilman Arthur O'Donnel and members of the press. The crowd is getting a little overanxious -- they've been waiting since eight a.m. and the weather is raw -- the perfect word for it -- raw ... And there are the police ... a number of uniformed police are on hand to monitor the proceedings ... Mrs. Tonino ... Carmella Tonino! Can we get you near this microphone for a minute!? ... Can you give us a few words? This transmission is live ... Please move back ... everyone ... George -- can we ask the police officers to control the crowd in this vicinity a bit tighter ...

keep people away from the transmitter.

Mrs. Tonino to microphone.

FOXX (contd)
I'm standing here with Tonino's wife ... and I must say you
(MORE)

3 CONTD

FOXX (contd)
look quite beautiful this grey November morn ... Are you frightened? Your heart must be in your mouth ...

MRS. TONINO
~~(in Italian)~~
~~I have great confidence in my husband.~~ Ho molta fiducia in mio marito.

FOXX
I didn't quite get that -- we're going out live on the air ...

MRS. TONINO
~~(in Italian)~~
~~My husband has performed this feat several times before.~~ Mio marito ha già fatto diverse volte questa impresa.

FOXX
Is that Italian you're speaking, Mrs. Tonino? I wonder if you could ... Mrs. Tonino is wearing a simple coat adorned with a corsage and green purse.

MRS. TONINO
~~(in Italian)~~ Mio marito è molto forte e bravo.
~~My husband is strong and brave.~~

FOXX
Thank you so much -- You're lovely. You're articulate -- it is, unfortunately, Italian and our listeners are American ...

CUT TO:

4 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. DAY. (VARIOUS)

Women at home still rapt.

FOXX
If you at home could only be here -- the ~~cold icy waters, the~~ wind swept beach and icy waters, the air of excitement and event, the tension slowly building and the miracle of radio bringing it all to you live -- as it happens ... oh, and now city councilman ~~Tonino, who has excited the world time and time again with escapes~~ Arthur O'Donnell has spilled some hot soup on him-
(MORE) the onlookers are murmering---

4 CONTD

FOXX (contd)
~~from straitjackets, from a bank vault, from inside a nailed coffin, is about to do his most stupendous escape. Can he cheat death yet agaian?~~ And wait! I think he's arriving. Yes, it's Tonino emerging from the bath house with his now familiar entourage.

CUT BACK TO:

5 EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

He's arriving with entourage.

The orchestra switches to some Italian classic like "Sorrento" ...

FOXX (contd)
The orchestra has switched to Tonino's favorite song. He's exited the bath house headed this way with his seconds and a cordon of police -- suddenly the scene has come to life ... What a moment ... what an event ... You're hearing his theme song ... d

The well-chosen, stocky, mustachioed escape artist enters with his entourage ... He is squat, bald; the kind of guy you shoot out of a cannon.

Eventually he strides up to designated good spot --

A physician checks him with stethoscope ...

FOXX
Tonino is being given a final once-over by his physician. Only a man in perfect physical condition could ever hope to attempt a feat this demanding -- this excruciating.

DOCTOR
(after dramatic check-up)
He's a fine specimen.

Cheers ...

Now he is placed in a straitjacket by two men ...

FOXX
That was the voice of Dr. Max Kachaturian, Tonino's physician, not licensed here in the United States, but one of the leading osteopaths in Zagreb. Now they're putting on the straightjacket! I wish you folks at home could see how constrained and secured they're binding him up.

5 CONTD

Much is made of all of this step by step ... then, chains are wrapped around him ...

The band is playing, flashes going off, people pushing, craning, police doing their part ...

Next they bring out a large metal milk can into which Tonino is ultimately locked and chains go around it ...

FOXX
Tonino is kissing his wife goodbye now and both seem to be aware that one mistake, one false step, and this could be their final moment together forever. I can't believe it -- it's just incredible ... You've got to be here to see it ... A straitjacket -- chains -- ~~locked into a milk can and then more chains ...~~ Now they're placing Tonino in a milk can -- a large metal container used to hold the nutritious white liquid that most of us pour over our breakfast cereal. There is just room enough for Tonino in the can. Now he's being jammed in.
(calling to official)
How much air is in that milk can? How long can he go on the air? ...

An Italian man in Tonino's entourage screams an answer in Italian.

ITALIAN MAN
~~(in Italian)~~ Non c'è aria lí --- dieci secondi al massimo.
~~There's no air in there -- ten seconds at most!~~

Crowd milling as they put milk can out on end of pier.

FOXX
I didn't quite get that, I'm trying to get the attention of one of the ~~many~~ noted scientists present who could tell us how much time Tonino has before he finds himself sealed in a locked and airless chamber ....

Impressive scientist shruggs...
Mrs. Tonino is praying ... There is a priest present ...

FOXX (contd)
Mrs. Tonino is with the family priest now -- She is praying -- undoubtedly asking that her husband be spared an icy death beneath the waters of the Atlantic.

CUT TO:

6 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. DAY. (VARIOUS)

People at home, etc., listening.

FOXX (contd)
With deadly precision the can is being hauled out on the black waters of this incredible ocean ... Every precious second it takes to drop it into the water more air is being breathed and used up by Tonino ... Mrs. Tonino's face is anxious -- her shoes are simple and black, her scarf also black with a large jeweled clasp ...

CUT TO:

7 EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

The can is dropped into the sea.

The crowd oohs and ahhs ... The lifeguards are ready to plunge -- a rowboat is out on the waters ...

FOXX (contd)
And he's in the water! He has only a minute to emerge before suffocation sets in, according to some of our best ~~doctors~~ here ... So far -- nothing -- the water is dark and turbulent -- you're hearing this live from the Jersey Coast ... I'm the voice of Carleton Fo --

A puff of smoke somewhere and we

CUT TO:

8 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. DAY. (VARIOUS)

Homes who now just get static ...

Various people bang the set -- play with the wires, switch positions of the set ...

Some get intermittent voice:

FOXX (contd)
-- a little technical difficult --
(static)
-- stand by --

8 CONTD

Tense crowd roar that tantalizes the home listener ... Static --

FOXX (contd)
Still no sign ...
(static)

CUT BACK TO:

9 EXT. WATERFRONT. DAY.

Everyone trying to repair the faulty cable or whatever ...

FOXX (contd)
Now it's started to rain ... He has not surfaced yet -- it's coming down rather hard! ...

It's pouring. The crowd is getting wet and some are running for cover -- moving away ...

Those involved with Tonino are getting panicky ...

FOXX (contd)
It's the rain that's shorting out our equipment -- if you'll just bear with us at home ...

9X INT. LISTENER'S HOME. DAY. (VARIOUS)

The empty milk can rises, its top off.

FOXX (contd)
The milk can has risen, but no sign of Tonino ... We're trying to bring you this live -- but I understand we're experiencing some technical difficulties ...

~~Mrs. Tonino looks faint ...~~ ~~she's falling ...~~ The Mayor's wife has fainted. They're trying to revive her — now they've spilled some hot soup on her.

~~Tonino finally appears somewhere -- perhaps on the boardwalk all wet and holding the straitjacket.~~

The orchestra plays a lively tune ... As they get rained on ...

FOXX (contd)
~~We've repaired our circuits and we're coming to you live again ... He's made it -- he's done it -- a brilliant escape!~~ ~~And we were here -- bringing~~ it all to you -- through the miracle of radio! Uh oh, one of our technicians is having some problems. We're signing off. Thank you for joining us. Keep playing boys.

Bear with us at home, we're experiencing a power failure. We don't see Tonino. Mrs. Tonino, your husband -- [Mrs. Tonino exits with an annoying wave of her hand saying, "Ah!"] we're

all new dialogue

sc. 10

ANNOUNCER
Now the door of the tomb swung open with a creak --

(door creak)

Henry began to walk to freedom. Five more steps and he would be rid of the curse --

(sound of him walking)

But suddenly he couldn't take another step. An icy hand from beneath the earth was clutching at his foot.

(sound of man struggling a bit, mostly grunting)

Cold, bony fingers tightening around his ankle pulling him down lower and lower beneath the earth into the land of the living dead -- the pit of the zombies...

9 CONTD

Over the remaining coverage of this scene we begin to hear the voice of Joe as a man.

A10 EXT. ROCKAWAY. DAY.

JOE (VO)
Of course it was ~~a miracle ...~~ a little primitive back then in the twenties, ~~as you can see ...~~ but nevertheless, a miracle. But by the time I was born and ~~a kid~~ growing up in Rockaway there was nothing to compare with radio and the magical sounds that filled our household. And you couldn't just sit and watch passively like TV ... you had to participate as you listened and supply the images in your mind ... the involvement was very intense and the variety of shows, limitless.

CUT TO:

10 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT?

Joe (as kid) and his friends listening to organ music and a terror tale.

RADIO VOICE
Now the door of the crypt swung open with a creak ... Henry began the walk to freedom. Five more steps and he would be rid of the curse -- but suddenly he couldn't take another step. An icy hand from beneath the earth was clutching at his foot. Cold, bony fingers tightening around his ankle pulling him down lower and lower into the coffin --

See revised dialogue

Throughout the above patter the kids are frozen with fear.

At the right moment, his friend takes the remains of a glass of ice water and secretly touches it to Joe's bare ankle.

He leaps up with a shriek and goes in pursuit of his tormentor.

CUT TO:

11 INT. DOWDY HOUSEWIFE'S HOUSE. DAY.

A housewife presumably having to do all her afternoon housework while a soap opera plays.

11 CONTD

RADIO VOICES

Paul: Come away with me, Phyliss.

Phyliss: I want to, Gil, but you don't just throw fifteen years of marriage right down the drain with the first architect who asks you to go to Paris.

Paul: I realize you're still tied to Tom -- to little Tom and Kathy -- but I love you, Phyliss -- and I can't live without you.

Phyliss: Don't say those words.

Paul: Women your age have gotten divorced before. There's still time to start over.

Phyliss: Begin again? Is that what I really want?

Paul: With me at your side. We'll travel all over -- winter in Switzerland -- we'll ski -- summer on The French Riviera -- in spring we'll take a boat to the South Seas and in autumn back to Paris where we'll live at The Ritz.

Phyliss: Oh, Gil, it sounds so beautiful.

Paul: Then say yes. Put your fears out of your mind and tell Tom the truth about us.

You get the idea here -- Patter has to be written to accommodate the length of the visuals which merely consist of this dowdy woman who empties ashtrays into the toilet and flushes it on a very romantic line from radio.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CROONER IN STUDIO.

A crooner in a studio -- he gives it his all --

CUT TO:

13 ~~EXT.~~ INT. YOUNG GIRLS AT ~~BEACH.~~ MALT SHOP.

Young girls ~~around~~ at counter listening to radio while a crooner sings. They squeal with every word.

CUT TO:

OMIT

14 INT. FAT FAMILY'S HOME.

A fat family laughing at a comedy show. It should look funny because they're fat -- or twins. Patter for show will be written later. Charlie McCarthy-type bit. They laugh ridiculously.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. STREET. "FURNISHED ROOMS" SIGN. DAY.

Street corner and men gathered to hear ball game by newsstand.

RADIO

Bottom of the ninth -- Yankees lead it by one...Detroit with runners on second and third... Here's the pitch...it's a long fly ball...deep to right...going back, back, back...it's off the wall...one run will score...two runs...The Yankees lose -- it's all over.

all new dialogue!

A man listening has clutched his date or friend or son and is unknowingly now strangling him as he listens intently, his mind far away ...

CUT TO:

16 INT. CULTURED FAMILY HOME.

The "intellectual, cultured" family of the neighborhood sitting listening smugly to a string quartet. The family consists of four funny types. Then we

CUT TO:

17 INT. RADIO STUDIO - STRING QUARTET.

The studio -- a quartet plays animatedly. In some funny way, they mirror the family.

CUT TO:

18 INT. JACKHAMMER OPERATOR'S HOME. DAY.

Two real types. He'd be a jackhammer drill operator, fat, grubby man, and she, the counterpart.

RADIO VOICE
Good morning, and welcome to breakfast with Roger and Irene.

The slugs eat breakfast in contrast to what they hear.

18 CONTD

RADIO VOICES
Good morning, darling, pass the orange juice.

That was quite an opening night we attended last evening.

Yes, wasn't it divine. Everyone was there from Rodgers and Hammerstein to Cole Porter.

And did you see that dress on Elsa Maxwell? Wasn't it stunning?

Yes, it was deep green with a black trim and feathers. And she spilled some champagne on it too, ha, ha ... Coffee?

MAN IN HOUSE
Gimme another ~~egg~~ sausage, willya?

RADIO VOICES
Yes, and then it was on to ~~Sardi's for~~ the opening night party. And didn't Ethel Merman look splendid in that floor-length mink?

CUT TO:

19 INT. SARDI'S. NIGHT.

Sardi's in the mind of our two friends. Suddenly they are there, resplendent in clothes. He could carry the lunch pail that was on the table as he ate.

The radio voices continue.

RADIO VOICES
They served the most wonderful buffet. Was that caviar Iranian or Russian?

No, it was Iranian. And there were just heaps of it.

I ran into Max Harris, the producer of the show, and he told me all about his plans for next season.

19 CONTD

MAX
(talking to our couple)
I'm going to do Eugene O'Neill's new play. It's a searing piece of work about lost souls in a waterfront dive and their self-deception.

MAN
How intensly profound, right Ethel?

CUT TO:

20 KIDS

around set.

RADIO
ok, kids, Just send in fifteen cents and a Posties box top and you'll receive your Masked Avenger secret compartment ring. Remember how much fun you had with the Masked Avenger Whistle Ring?

CUT TO:

21 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Classroom. The teacher hears whistles from a half dozen spots in room. Turns her head, annoyed.

Here WE SEE little Joe, the kid of the man we saw.

Radio continues over.

RADIO (contd)
That was the ring that saved the Masked Avenger from dozens of dangerous situations. And, kids, remember how amazing and useful the Masked Avenger magnifying glass ring was.

CUT TO:

22 INT. HEBREW SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

Kid is using magnifying glass ring to burn hole in shirt of kid who sits in front of him.

22 CONTD

Rabbi Baumel lectures.

RABBI BAUMEL
Next week, we are going to issue collection boxes and we expect each of you to go out into the street and collect funds to help promote a new state in Palestine. There is no question the Jews need a homeland, for down through the ages we have been a despised and oppressed people. Persecuted by every nation on earth, it can happen here. Just as the German Jews said -- I am German -- I am a citizen -- so the American Jew may one day have to say -- But I am an American. It will not suffice, however, as the Gentiles will descend upon the defenseless Hebrews like the wolf upon the fold. They will beat you up in the streets -- they will come for you in your homes -- in your beds at night. They will drag you away and unless you have your own homeland -- a Zionist state -- you will be beaten, ostracized, and degraded until you weep and bleed. What is that smoke?
(from magnifying glass)

~~LOUIS~~ PHIL
I'm on fire!

RABBI BAUMEL
Class dismissed.

~~(Under-crank)~~ (OMIT)

CUT TO:

23 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Joe lives in Rockaway, a beachfront community, lower-middle, or lower-lower-middle. (show specific house)

We should choose a picturesque but poor setting. It is a one-family house where bedlam reigns. It should have a yard with contiguous neighbors.

Many members of the family live together because this is the late thirties when because of the depression, money was scarce and families lived together.

24 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Cousin Ruthie is nestled on phone, curled up at base of staircase.

Father is dictating to Mother, who types on old Underwood.

FATHER
We take great pride in announcing, Coronet Cultured Pearls ... Make that, genuine pearls ...

MOTHER
You can't say, genuine pearls if they're cultured, Martin ...

FATHER
They're genuine cultured.

MOTHER
Then say cultured. You wanna go to jail?

FATHER
Just type -- ok? Genuine pearls, beautifully boxed, for only nine, ninety-eight.

MOTHER
This is not a good letter.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTD

FATHER
What do you know. Just type.

MOTHER
It's bland.

FATHER
It's not bland -- type, go ahead ...

MOTHER
Believe me, we'll be stuck with these pearls like we were stuck with everything else.

FATHER
What are we stuck with?

MOTHER
(opening closet)
Clock parts! Greeting cards! Seeds! Flower seeds, vegetable seeds, seeds to grow things I never heard of!

FATHER
They're usable items.

MOTHER
We got two thousand get-well cards! How are they usable?

FATHER
This time I got the right item at the right price!

GRANDMA
(calling)
Nathan -- let's go -- I'm waiting --

GRANDPA
I'm coming -- I'm coming --
(passing Ruthie)
And this one sits on the phone ...

RUTHIE
Shhhh ...
(covering mouthpiece like a criminal)

24 CONTD

GRANDPA
She sits all day and listens to the neighbors on the party line.

RUTHIE
Shhhh!

AUNT CEIL
(appearing, a character as well; Ruthie's mother)
What's happening? Is she going for the operation?

RUTHIE
Mrs. Waldbaum has decided to have her ovaries out.

CEIL
I knew it. Poor woman.

25 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM. DAY.

Now WE PICK UP Grandpa trying to lace the hugely buxom Grandma into her corset. A slapstick ordeal between these two because of his age and small size and her buxomness.

GRANDPA
Suck in, suck in!

GRANDMA
Pull, Nathan -- harder!

GRANDPA
I'm pulling, I'm pulling -- the woman is in her seventies and her bosom is still growing!

26 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

A bit of this and WE PICK UP the mother and father at typewriter.

FATHER
(reading letter)
"At last, a cultured pearl that is hard to tell from the real thing." This is not what I dictated.

MOTHER
You think I listen to your dictation? A man doesn't know
(MORE)

26 CONTD

MOTHER (contd)
the first thing about business -- especially to write a proper letter.

FATHER
Don't tell me how to run my mail orders!

MOTHER
What mail orders? When did you ever once get a mail order?

JOE
Dad, can I have fifteen cents?

FATHER
What do you think I am, made of money?

MOTHER
We're not rich.

JOE
I want to get a Masked Avenger ring.

FATHER
Not another cent for that junk. You have every ring.

MOTHER
Concentrate more on your schoolwork and less on the radio. His Hebrew teacher says he plays hooky.

FATHER
You play hooky one more time ...

27 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY.

Upstairs, Grandma has emerged.

GRANDMA
Where's my teeth? I can never find my teeth any more.

AUNT CEIL
Where did you put them, Mama?

GRANDMA
In a glass of water. Where do you think?

27 CONTD

MOTHER
Your son uses them with his friends to play hockey.

FATHER
He's not just my son -- he plays hockey with her teeth?

JOE
I want a Masked Avenger ring.

MOTHER
Take back deposit bottles.

RUTHIE
(covering phone mouth-piece from noise)
Shhh ... Jerry Waldbaum's cousin is pregnant -- they're not sure who the father is ...

MOTHER
I'm sure it's Adelman the druggist ... he should drop dead ...

CUT TO:

28 EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Ceil's husband, Abe, returning from an afternoon at Sheepshead Bay with a huge sack of live fish -- as many as fifty ...

ABE
I'm home -- I got fish.

CEIL
What do we need so many fish for?

She says this as he empties the flapping fish on the floor of the yard ...

ABE
I'm gonna argue? The man gives 'em to me for nothing.

CEIL
Now we gotta clean them.

ABE
They're fresh fish -- she's complaining.

28 CONTD

CEIL
He has friends at Oscar's Dock, he can't spend a single afternoon there where they don't load him up with fish.

ABE
They're for nothing ... you like fish ...

29 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Inside the house, the third sister to Ceil and Mother has emerged -- the charmer, Bea.

BEA
You like this hat?

FATHER
It looks like something you feed to the cat.

MOTHER
It's very smart ...

Bea going to yard.

BEA
Ceil, you like this hat?

CEIL
Look, he brought so many fish ...

BEA
Abe, who needs so much fish?

ABE
You don't like it? Take the gaspipe.

BEA
You like this hat? Let me show it to you with my sweater.
(goes inside)

30 EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Suddenly an irate Mr. Waldbaum appears on his side of the backyard fence.

WALDBAUM
Get off the line! Ok! Stop listening in on my phone! Stop snooping on us!

30 CONTD

MOTHER
(entering yard)
Don't get your bowels in an uproar, nobody's snooping ...

WALDBAUM
My wife hears her breathing! And she giggles!

FATHER
(joining argument)
You think we care what goes on in your house?

MOTHER
Let them take her ovaries out, what's it our business?

MRS. WALDBAUM
(joining fray)
Every time I speak privately to my family on the phone I hear --
(demonstrates inhale, exhale sounds)
Don't you think I know your daughter's listenig?

CEIL
You want some fish?

MRS. WALDBAUM
Fish?

CEIL
Abe brought fresh fish -- Abe, give Mrs. Waldbaum a few flounder.

Abe comes with flapping fish for the neighbors.

31 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD. DAY.

We take this time to meet the neighbors on the other border of the main house but not with dialogue. The father merely chases the son out on the back porch with a strap ... The kid runs for his life, a tenor saxophone hanging cumbersomely around his neck --

NEIGHBOR
I'll kill you! I'll break your neck! You stuck a firecracker in the cat's behind? I'll kill you!
(chasing kid violently)

31 CONTD

KID
It didn't go off! It fizzled out!

And they're gone.

The older, very buxom, sexy sister, Doris, pokes her head out; a dish.

DORIS
Dad, we were discussing Trotsky.

CUT BACK:

32 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Inside, sister Bea still self-obsessed before mirror.

BEA
I can't decide whether I should take my two weeks in the Catskills or go on a cruise.

ABE
She's a pretty girl, next door -- the communist ... what a build. And they believe in free love.

CEIL
Go back to your fish, Abe. You're happier with your flounder.

ABE
That's why I married you.

BEA
The men are younger in the mountains but they're richer on a cruise.

GRANDPA
At this point I'll settle for anything.

BEA
Let me show you what they taught me at my dance class. It's called the Lindy.

She snaps on radio and we hear a fast tune.

She begins to demonstrate the Lindy Hop.

32 CONTD

GRANDPA
Dance lessons, etiquette, the beauty parlor six times a week -- she still can't trap a victim. And she's got more clothes than anyone I've ever seen -- every penny goes for clothes.

33 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

SHOT of Joe lifting a handful of deposit bottles. They fall and break.

FATHER
Take another letter and this time write what I dictate -- can we have some peace?

MOTHER
Look how nice she does the new dances.

FATHER
(aside to Mother)
I can't live like this ... I need privacy.

MOTHER
We can't afford to move.

FATHER
What other husband has this? Your parents, your sister, her husband, their kid -- your unmarried sister --

MOTHER
Who's going to support everyone? We all need to band together.

FATHER
They're doing the banding and I'm doing the supporting.

JOE
What does Daddy do for work?

FATHER
That's not your business.

JOE
My friends ask me and they all know what their fathers do.

33 CONTD

MOTHER
Tell them he's a big butter and egg man.

JOE
Do you sell butter and eggs?

FATHER
Leave me alone.

JOE
I broke the deposit bottles. This is the best Masked Avenger ring.

FATHER
Forget the Masked Avenger, will ya? Pay a little attention to schoolwork.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK. DAY.

Kids going to school.

JOE (VO)
I tried forgetting about the Masked Avenger but it was easier said than done.

CUT TO:

35 INT. CLASSROOM. DAY.

Show and Tell.

Silly looking kids -- and we milk the bit though I wrote it succinctly.

LITTLE EVELYN
For Show and Tell I brought this boat in a bottle and my brother built it ... and it took him a long time ... I'll pass it around ...
(she does)

TEACHER
Arnold, you promised to bring something.

LITTLE ARNOLD
(takes stage center with a contraceptive)
I found this on my parents' night table ...

TEACHER
(appalled)
That will be all. Louis?

LITTLE LOUIS
(takes stage, replacing Arnold)
I have the new Masked Avenger ring ... it's got a secret compartment.

Little Joe watches, wide-eyed ... He and his friends crowd around it.

LITTLE LOUIS (contd)
It cost fifteen cents but you need a box top.

36 EXT. LONG BEACH COMMERCIAL STREET. DAY.

Joe and his friends, kid next door, some we've seen already from class, are working the streets with a can.

JOE
Please give to the Jewish National Fund.

No luck from person.

BURT
Please help build a homeland in Palestine.

36 CONTD

Luck. He gets pennies.

This goes on for a while, with various types.

37 EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Now they finally take their cans, stroll casually, then beat it up an alley, jimmy open the cans and count the loot.

JOE
Shouldn't we leave a little for Palestine?

BURT
Yeah, maybe it's a sin.

~~ARNOLD~~ NICK
We need forty-five cents.

BURT
Everybody gives pennies. Ugh!

JOE
What? What'd you see?

BURT
~~Rabbi Baumel! He saw me!~~ I thought I saw Epstein! He'll squeal on us to Rabbi Baumel.

CUT TO:

JOE
Don't worry. I'm sure he didn't see us.

CUT TO:

38 INT. RABBI BAUMEL'S OFFICE. DAY.

Joe with both parents humbly before Rabbi Baumel.

RABBI BAUMEL
Money for a Jewish homeland used to buy a Masked Avenger ring? My heart is full of grief -- it swells with anguish --

MOTHER
He'll pay back every cent.

JOE
Yes --

FATHER
(slapping him)
You shut up.

MOTHER
I don't know what to do, Rabbi. Every night he listens to the radio -- I can't keep him away. I say, go to the beach, play in the sun, get some fresh

(MORE)

38 CONTD

MOTHER (contd)
air -- no -- "The Lone Ranger," "The Shadow" -- "The Masked Avenger."

RABBI BAUMEL
This is not good. He must be disciplined. Radio has its place but once in awhile.
(MORE)

38 CONTD

RABBI BAUMEL (contd)
Otherwise it tends to induce bad values, false dreams, lazy habits. To spend time listening to stories of foolishness and violence is no way for a boy to grow up.

JOE
You speak the truth, my faithful Indian companion.

The rabbi, taken aback, slaps him.

RABBI BAUMEL
To a rabbi you say, my faithful Indian companion?

FATHER
Hey -- don't hit my son!

RABBI BAUMEL
What kind of upbringing is this!?

FATHER
(slapping kid)
I'll hit him -- but you don't hit him!

RABBI BAUMEL
(slaps kid)
I know better how to teach fresh children.

FATHER
(slaps kid)
I said I'd hit him! Leave my son alone.

MOTHER
(slaps kid)
No, I'll hit him! Because you're too lenient with him!

FATHER
(slaps kid)
This is lenient!?

RABBI BAUMEL
I'm a faithful Indian? Such impertinence.

38 CONTD

MOTHER
(slaps kid)
See, I'll teach him manners, Rabbi! You and that radio!

CUT TO:

39 EXT. NEWFOUNDLAND COAST. DAY.

Marconi flying his box kite with wires trailing off the coast of Newfoundland.

This we do off the coast on a grey, foggy day. It should make a beautiful picture.

JOE (VO)
December 12, 1901. Gugliermo Marconi, off the coast of Newfoundland, raises a box kite with wires trailing it. Later that day he will receive the first wireless message from across the Atlantic. Three dots. Morse code for the letter S. Those three dots signal the greatest communication revolution in history. By the next decade, the air was filled with wireless ham radio operators and soon people realized if you could send simple signals, why not complex ones? The human voice, for instance. Or music. With a little ingenuity and an old Victrola the first radio show was born.

40 INT. VICTROLA/MICROPHONE EXPERIMENT.

SHOT of man with old Victrola, who plays record into a microphone. This is true incidentally.

CUT TO:

41 INT. AMATEUR RADIO STATION. NIGHT.

Small-time amateur radio station. Homemade.

JOE (VO)
Eventually amateur radio stations began springing up all over
(MORE)

41 CONTD

JOE (VO contd)
America. In homes, in stores, the back garage.

WE SEE a family-run radio station. Dad is running the machine. Mom plays the piano and sis sings.

MOM
Good evening. We're coming to you from our home. Our garage, actually. This is the Cooper family and my daughter Eunice is gonna serenade you with a little tune.

EUNICE
Thank you.
(real nervous)
Er ... aha ... eer ...

MOM
Go ahead ...

EUNICE
Now er ...

MOM
Go ahead, dammit.

Naturally this family is perfectly cast so this is all funny.

Eunice sings as much as we can stand of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." We milk this, SHOTS of them all, individually.

A42 EXT. BROADCAST TOWER. DAY.
JOE (VO Cont'd)
It's not long before Yankee enterprise gather up all the small stations and soon we have a network -- two networks -- three networks. Millions and millions of radios blanket the nation.

CUT TO:

42 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - NICK NORRIS.

Typical of period, late thirties, early forties. People read scripts.

42 CONTD

ANNOUNCER
And now, the makers of Sloan's Liver Pills present: "Nick Norris, Private Detective."

Music. Theme.

There are two men, a large tough-looking one, a tiny, silly one and a pretty girl.

GIRL
(reading)
Mr. Norris, I need your help. My brother's been murdered. I'm sure of it. And I'll pay anything to find the people who did it. Oh help me -- please -- you're the only man who can stand up to the hoodlums and thugs who have been terrorizing the neighborhood.

TINY MAN
(deep, great voice)
Ok, sugar, just don't stand there. C'mon in and sit down. I get fifty dollars a day plus expenses.

BIG MAN
(puts on Oriental voice)
Shall I warm up the car, boss?

CUT TO:

43 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - JESSICA DRAGONETTE.

Jessica Dragonette type. She sings the famous funny Victor Herbert soprano tune.

CUT TO:

44 OMIT

45 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - SOUND FX.

Another show in progress. In this one we will highlight the elaborate sound effects setups they had. Otherwise the cast reads at mikes.

GIRL
Hurry, Tom, the building is on fire!

ACTOR
I can't find you in this tornado!

GIRL
Do you hear hoofbeats?

ACTOR
Could it be the posse?

Sound of bugle after all other referred to sounds, each done tediously by a fast working, silly looking sound man.

GIRL
Look out! It's Johnny -- he's armed!

Sound of gunshots are made.

ACTOR
We're saved, it's the cavalry.

GIRL
Oh, Tom, I love you.

Sound man puts tone arm on record of applause by a non-existent audience.

CUT TO:

46 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "WHIZ KIDS." DAY.

A show called "The Whiz Kids." All so snotty and arrogantly smart.

QUIZ MASTER
What are the moons of Saturn?

A kid answers perfectly.

QUIZ MASTER (contd)
That's correct. Now who wrote the line? --

He quotes a line from James Joyce or someone similar; Eliot. Second kid answers with arrogant simplicity.

46 CONTD

QUIZ MASTER (contd)
Right. And now, what is the square root of one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-three?

MOST ARROGANT KID (SANDFORD)
Well, it doesn't come out even but, it's approximately 44.305755.

He flashes back the answer like a rocket.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "AMATEUR TALENT HUNT."

Show marked "Amateur Talent Hunt."

M.C.
(holding hand over contestants for appluase)
And now, you the audience will tell us who you want to win this week's Amateur Hunt! The one-man band?
(applause)
The housewife from Baltimore who sings Wagner?
(appluase)
The dentist who does bird imitations?
(applause)
The secretary who plays the accordion?

Applause but her huge bust is an obstacle to the squeeze box.

CUT TO:

48 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - REBA, THE MAID.

Yet another show.

ANNOUNCER
And now -- everybody's favorite maid -- Reba!!

Applause, theme. One man does all the voices.

MAN
(doing playboy)
Reba, is my breakfast ready yet?
(MORE)

48 CONTD

MAN (contd)
(doing Reba, the
black maid)
Comin', missah Bill ... ah do
declare ... you was out late
last night ...
(doing playboy)
That's none of your business,
Reba, I have a hangover.
(doing Reba)
Yassuh ... yassuh ... comin' ...

Now this actor who did Reba talks to camera.

MAN (contd)
(out of character)
We were voices ... voices and
a microphone ... They didn't
know our faces but we were
a deep part of them, and we touched their lives in many ways.

49 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Big doings because Aunt Bea is readying for a hot date.

The house is as usual functioning with its mild chaos and Bea is dressing with great anticipation, using her

49 CONTD

clothes, mirror; the radio plays hot music for her to move to.

BEA
(calling)
Did you see my red belt?

MOTHER
I didn't touch it.

Singing along with radio is Bea.

FATHER
What's the fuss?

MOTHER
She's got a big date. Mr. Manulis finally asked her out.

FATHER
What'd he do, go blind?

MOTHER
Him with the insults. Tell her she looks nice.

FATHER
I'll tell her, I'll tell her.

RUTHIE
(on party line as always)
Mrs. Waldbaum found ~~twenty~~ a pocketbook ~~dollars~~ in the subway ... She doesn't think she'll return it ...

BEA
Can I borrow your cameo pin?

MOTHER
Sure.

BEA
He's so handsome. I waited so long. I never thought he'd ask ...

MOTHER
Where'd you meet him?

49 CONTD

BEA
In the Catskills. He dances, he rides horseback, he's some tennis player.

FATHER
Sounds like a perfect victim. What does he do for a living?

BEA
His firm imports coffee.

JOE
What do you do, Dad?

FATHER
Get my newspaper.

BEA
(confidentially to her sister)
This could be the answer to my prayers ...

FATHER
Don't you think it's about time you compromised?

BEA
I don't know the meaning of that word.

FATHER
So stay single.

BEA
(confidentially to Mother)
Can you smell my perfume? Good ...

Bell rings. They all snap to.

BEA (contd)
Get it, Ceil. I don't want to be too anxious.

CEIL
I been cleaning fish all afternoon. That man never stops bringing home fish.

50 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mother opens the door. A real character. Big and brawny, mustache, a personality guy, strong and confident.

MANULIS
How do you do? Is Bea ready?

MOTHER
She'll only be a minute. This is my husband.

They shake.

MANULIS
Pleased.

FATHER
(writhing)
Um, you got quite a firm handshake.

MANULIS
Well sure. I hate when someone shakes your hand and they put a dead paw in your hand. Know what I mean?

Bea enters.

BEA
Sidney. Have you been waiting long?

MANULIS
Not at all, sugar.

MOTHER
Well, have a very nice time.

MANULIS
C'mon, sugar, ~~we'll drive along the coast till we hit a little spot I know.~~ it's into the old jalopy and we're going to paint the town red.

They go.

MOTHER
Didn't Bea look lovely?

FATHER
What'd she do, fall into a vat of perfume?

MOTHER
Y'know, when we were younger, of the three sisters, she used to be considered the pretty one.

50 CONTD

FATHER
Hm. Some contest.

MOTHER
Ahh, what do you know.

FATHER
(hugging her)
You're lucky I love you, you old douche bag.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. ROLLER SKATING. NIGHT.

The date. Skating by night.

The two eat cotton candy and/or live clams by the bushel.

CUT TO:

52 EXT/INT. MANULIS'S CAR - DRIVING. NIGHT.

Them in his car. He's driving them somewhere.

BEA
I had such a wonderful time. I'm still a little tipsy from the beer.

MANULIS
You only had one.

BEA
I know, but alcohol affects me strongly. And you? How can you drive? You must've had five beers.

MANULIS
I'm a big boy. I could have ten.

BEA
And it's so foggy.

MANULIS
Yes. I love the fog. It's very romantic.

52 CONTD

BEA
You are romantic, Sidney. For a big man you're ~~very sensitive~~ a deceptively graceful skater.

MANULIS
You want to hit me in the stomach?

BEA
Why?

MANULIS
See how tight I am?

BEA
Not while you're driving.

MANULIS
(begins bucking the car deliberately)
Oohh ... what's this? ... Uh-oh ... Oh no ... Out here on the desolate tip of Breezy Point -- all this fog -- and I think the gas tank is empty ...

BEA
(not displeased)
Wouldn't you know? Just like in the movies ...

MANULIS
I guess we're stuck here at least till the fog lifts ...

BEA
What's a girl to do?

53 EXT/INT. MANULIS'S CAR - PARKED. NIGHT.
Listening to "La Campasita" on the radio...
Awkwardness for awhile and then Manulis begins making his move ... He puts his hand on either her leg or chest ...

BEA
Sidney, this is our first time out together.

MANULIS
You know how I feel about you, Bea.

BEA
Do you, Sidney?

new dialogue!

ANNOUNCER (interrupting music)
We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin. The mysterious object in the sky over New Jersey that was reported moments ago is not a meterorite as previously thought. Scientists at Princeton now say that it could be a type of extra-terretrial aircraft, and police and militia are heading towards Wilson's Glen where the object is reported landing. And now back to Raymundo Riccardi's orchestra at the Maxfield Hotel....

(music)

MANOLIS
Ammmm. gee, can you beat that?

BEA
Is that possible?

MANOLIS
Don't look so nervous.

BEA
Did I hear right?

MANOLIS
I'll take care of you, baby.

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and gentlemen, due to the unusual events outside Princeton, New Jersey, we are switching you live to Wilson's Glen.

all new dialogue

SMITH
Hello -- this is Don Richards broadcasting live from Wilson's Glen, New Jersey, where events are simply astonishing... The object we have been monitoring for the past half hour is, as suspected, an alien spacecraft... It has landed -- and there are signs of life inside... In fact... the doors are opening now... This is an historic moment... We're waiting to make contact... The scene is something out of a movie -- there are onlookers and search-lights and -- Oh my goodness! Some one or some thing is emerging from the aircraft.. I can't see too clearly... I see one, two, three -- I don't know how to describe them -- long tentacles... What a horrible looking creature -- like a bear -- or an octopus!... I can't believe this! A horrible red-eyed creature! Oh, ladies and gentlemen! It's sending out beams of

militia are heading towards Wilson's Glen where the object is reported landing. And now back to Raymundo Riccardi's orchestra at the Maxfield Hotel....

(music)

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53 CONTD

MANULIS
Hell, you're so beautiful and you can hear the sound of the waves -- and -- it's hard to resist the urge to kiss you.

BEA
I must admit the setting is romantic.

(see opposite page)

MANULIS
(switching on car radio -- "Le Campasita")
A little music ... to go with the mood ...

OMIT

Manulis has turned on the radio and the music is interrupted cleverly by Orson Welles' realistic Martian Invasion show. Either we use actual show or we write our own version of the invasion of earth bit.

Our heroes are immediately caught by the ominous sound of things.

BEA
My gosh ...

MANULIS
Gee -- what's going on?

BEA
Did he say that? We're being invaded.

MANULIS
Is that possible?

BEA
He said they're landing from Mars.

MANULIS
Maybe we should get to a phone.

54 EXT/INT. MANULIS'S CAR - LURCHING. NIGHT.

Manulis has kicked the car over and he's not out of gas at all. He's bucking and lurching and jockeying for position to get out in the fog.

54 CONTD

MANULIS
I can't see a foot in front of me!

BEA
Be careful! Ohmigod!

The radio reports keep going and getting worse and worse throughout all that ensues.

MANULIS
Ok, we gotta stay calm -- not panic! This damn fog!

BEA
It's horrible, listen!

MANULIS
We should head south!

BEA
South!?

MANULIS
They're over New Jersey ...
Or west -- we should keep going to a less populated area --

BEA
I have to get to a phone!

MANULIS
There's no time for that!

BEA
I have to call my family!

MANULIS
I can't find a road!

BEA
You're driving too fast for this fog!

55 EXT/INT. MANULIS'S CAR - CRASH & STALL. NIGHT.

Smash, they hit something.

MANULIS
What was that!?

BEA
We hit something.

55 CONTD

MANULIS
(car won't go)
It won't start! Oh, Jesus! ...

Radio reports more and more terrible.

MANULIS (contd)
C'mon, we better make a run for it!

BEA
Where are we?

56 EXT. ABANDONING MANULIS'S CAR. NIGHT.

As they exit car in dead fog, two lost panicked types, wind blowing, sound of waves.

MANULIS
I can't take it! What a way to go! It's over! Life as we know it! They're coming! They're here! Listen to it --

Radio blares on about tentacled monsters.

MANULIS (contd)
Horrible tentacles! I'm scared, I'm frightened.

BEA
Pull yourself together, Sidney!

MANULIS
The Martians are coming! We can't stop them! It's over! Our lives are over!
(sobbing)

BEA
I can't find you -- where are you?

MANULIS
Do you hear something?

BEA
Just water.

MANULIS
No -- they're probably up there in the sky! They probably picked a foggy night to land unnoticed!

BEA
I have to get to a phone!

56 CONTD

MANULIS
Help -- help ...

BEA
Sidney, where are you? Sidney?
... Sidney? ...

Sound soon of the car turning over ... it's starting ...

BEA (contd)
Sidney! Is that you? ... Sidney?
... Sidney? ...

The car pulls off. Manulis, in his panic, has abandoned her.

She wanders, lost a moment, looks down, her feet are in water ...

BEA (contd)
I'm wandering into the ocean
... I don't know which direction
is which ...

CUT TO:

57 EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

The door to the house opening. Mother and Father in pajamas open it, stand there, middle of the night ...

CUT AROUND, Bea, looking like she'd been run over by six steam rollers.

MOTHER
You forgot your key, eh? So?
Did you have a nice time?

CUT TO:

58 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "BREAKFAST WITH IRENE AND ROGER." DAY.

The finishing of the studio show, "Breakfast With Irene and Roger."

IRENE
I'll have a little more coffee,
darling.

ROGER
Sure, sweetheart. Oh, I ran
into Walter Winchell last night
(MORE)

58 CONTD

ROGER (contd)
at Lindy's and he said he'd try
and have a drink with us tonight
at the Stork Club, so perhaps after
the theatre we can sup there.

IRENE
I love the Stork Club. The decor
is so beautiful and they have
the best dance orchestra in town.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTD

ROGER
It is marvelous, darling, and tomorrow morning we'll tell you all about it and also about the new Moss Hart play which I hear is just divine.

IRENE
This is Irene Draper ...

ROGER
And Roger Daily, saying -- have us for breakfast tomorrow and every morning and have a wonderful day.

ANNOUNCER
Swanson's Tooth Powder, the tooth powder with the larger-than-life smile, has brought you breakfast with Broadway's most fascinating couple, Irene Draper and Roger Daily.

Show ends, hand on clock hitting the hour. Ad-libs immediately of "great show" by crew.

IRENE
(total change; to husband)
You louse! Don't ever call me darling -- you two-bit bum!

ROGER
Don't call me a bum, you third-rate phony!

IRENE
You're the phony, you four-flusher!

ROGER (Brandishing fist)
Go on, close your mouth ~~before~~ or you'll be all gums!
~~I pop you one!~~

IRENE
You touch me and I'll have you thrown in jail!

They go at it physically. Stage manager and others intervene. She picks up something and throws it at him.

58 CONTD

ROGER
You know what I say to you?

He throws the table upside down, microphones and breakfast plates falling.

IRENE
I'm calling my lawyer!

ROGER
I've already called mine!

AD MAN
~~No lawyers, please! The show has such a high rating.~~ Why would you want to do that? The show is so successful.

They're off.

STAGE MANAGER
They came in that way this morning. Something apparently happened last night.

AD MAN
~~The sponsor is finally happy and now this.~~ We're the Number One rated show in America, and now this...

STAGE MANAGER
I know they went to the theatre. And then ~~to El Morocco.~~ out to a nightclub.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

Them entering this exaggerated nightclub of the forties with all that that implies.

60 INT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

Irene and Roger enter El Morocco like they own the place, at home, saying hello to numerous friends and acquaintances ...

IRENE
Everybody's here tonight, sweetheart ... we should get a lot of wonderful anecdotes for the show tomorrow ...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTD

ROGER
Yes, darling ... should be a gold mine ... Hello, Richard ... the show at the Morosco is smashing ... you were so right ...

IRENE
I thought I saw Ernest Hemingway at the bar, darling.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTD

ROGER
I know he's in town, love.

IRENE
(distracted by a friend, she chats)
Margaret, how are you? Were you at the Waldorf?

They talk as Roger passes the cigarette girl, Sally.

SALLY
Cigars, cigarettes ... Oh hello, Mr. Daily.

ROGER
I'll have some Camels.
(sotto voce)
Where've you been? I can't reach you. You never return my calls.

SALLY
I told you it was over. Finito. Terminé.

ROGER
Don't say that.

SALLY
~~I can't anymore~~. You call me all hours - I meet you in hotel rooms, in the back of cars, in stalled elavators - you're gonna' loose your respect for me.

ROGER
You're being unreasonable.

IRENE
Roger, they have our table.

ROGER
Yes, darling.

And they go bubbling off to table.

IRENE
Margaret said the ball at the Waldorf was dull. Everyone was at the theatre.

ROGER
(distracted)
Is that so? Oh ... I paid the girl and forgot my cigarettes. Excuse me.

60 CONTD

As he's leaving, a friend joins Irene.

GAIL
Irene ... so glad to see you ... it's been weeks ...

61 INT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

Roger comes to Sally who is in process of waiting on another customer.

ROGER
Camels, please ...
(realizing he's not next)
Oh, go ahead ...
(waits ... sotto)
You can't just break it off like that. I'm in love with you.

SALLY
~~You don't love me. And you don't respect me.~~ If you love me, you'd leave your wife and marry me.

ROGER
~~It's not true. I think about you constantly.~~ I can't. Our ratings are too high.

CUSTOMER
Lucky Strikes, please. Oh, hi, Roger ... come and say hello to Billy Rose ... he's here with friends.

ROGER
I will ... I'll get over to the table in a minute.

Man goes.

ROGER (contd)
Have you forgotten all our time together? The weekend in ~~Cuba?~~ Havana?

SALLY
You said you were going to get me onto one of the radio shows. I don't want to sell cigarettes forever.

ROGER
I'm working on it.

61 CONTD

SALLY
~~I can't talk to you now ... I'm working.~~
(goes to table)

I'm a natural talent, and I never even took any diction lessons.

CUT TO:

62 INT. EL MOROCCO - STAGE. NIGHT.

The Latin band.

CUT TO:

63 INT. EL MOROCCO - TABLE. NIGHT.

The table and Irene and Roger sit.

IRENE
What kept you? Did you run into anyone?

ROGER
Er, yes -- Leonard Lyons said hello. Sends his love.

Tom and Jessica come and sit. Ad-lib hellos.

JESSICA
We just came from the Lunts' party. It was divine.

TOM
Jed Harris was there and said he was interested in my new farce, "Christmas in The Congo."

ROGER
Er, yes -- Excuse me -- I think I saw Dick Rodgers. Perhaps he'll come on our show.
(he goes)

TOM
Jed Harris said that Bert Lahr could play the father and I think that's brilliant.

JESSICA
Jed's such a genius.

CUT TO:

64 INT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

Roger and Sally.

ROGER
I look at you and I'm just aflame with longing.

SALLY
~~Please don't.~~ Oh, what am I gonna' do? I'm a single girl.

ROGER
I want you, I crave you ... I've spoken to the head of the agency about you already. He wants to meet you.

SALLY
Really?

ROGER
I said you were the most promising young actress I've seen in years. ~~and your voice is a natural for radio.~~

SALLY
But you've never seen me act.

ROGER
I have good intuition. And I care too much about you ... I have to have you, Sally. I'm exploding with desire.

SALLY
Well we can't do it now, I'm working my shift.

ROGER
There must be a place we can be alone for a few minutes.

SALLY
~~A few minutes?~~ I'd be taking a real chance.

ROGER
I told Irene I was joining Richard Rodgers for a drink, but we always table hop for ages ...

SALLY
Well, Let me think ...

CUT TO:

65 INT. EL MOROCCO - TABLE. NIGHT.

Another twosome joins.

JESSICA
This is Brenda Tracy and Porfirio ...

All shake hands, ad lib greetings.

JESSICA (contd)
Porfirio is the playboy of the western world.

PORFIRIO
Allow me.

He lights Irene's cigarette with a hundred dollar bill.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. EL MOROCCO ROOF. NIGHT.

Roger and Sally coming out on the roof ... music is heard from below ... a great New York skyline by night.

ROGER
And under the stars, the orchestra's playing.

SALLY
I only got a ten minute break.

ROGER
Come here.
(kisses her)

SALLY
He wants to meet me?

ROGER
Who?

SALLY
The head of the agency?

ROGER
Oh yeah, yeah, definitely.
(kisses her, goes at it)

SALLY
Did you tell him I could sing?

66 CONTD

ROGER
Oh, sure, sure. Like a nightingale.

CUT TO:

67 INT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

Below.

PORFIRIO
(pouring like a chemist)
A little champagne, a little gin, and some vermouth ... a champagne-martini ...

He tastes, they do; laughter.

PORFIRIO (contd)
Now who at this table can do the tango?

Jessica and Irene demure. He persuades Irene. They tango.

CUT BACK TO:

68 EXT. EL MOROCCO ROOF. NIGHT.

Roof. Now a problem.

They are locked out, can't get door open.

ROGER
(trying every which way)
Darn it! It's locked from inside.

SALLY
Boy, that was fast — I guess it helped that I had the hiccups.

SALLY
What'll we do?

ROGER
The trick is not to panic.

SALLY
There's no other way down.

ROGER
I guess we'll have to climb.

SALLY
I can't climb down the side of the building! What do you think I am?

ROGER
Didn't you know the door locked from inside?

68 CONTD

SALLY
No -- I never actually came up with anyone but you.

ROGER
Oh god, what a predicament.

SALLY
I'll lose my job! My ten minutes are up!

ROGER
All right, keep calm! We'll break in the door.

Thunder and lightning strike.

SALLY
Did you see that? We'll be electrocuted.

ROGER
Relax!

He picks up some dead wood and begins trying to break door.

SALLY
Lightning is attracted to the highest point. I read it. It's a fact!

ROGER
(trying hard)
God dammit!

More lightning and thunder.

SALLY
Help! Help!

ROGER
Will you shut up! You're making things worse!
(he bangs and tries door to no avail)
What am I going to do? I can't afford to be caught out here with you!

SALLY
I'll get fired!

68 CONTD

ROGER
But what'll happen to me? Irene will divorce me ... the show ... my whole life ...

Lightning.

SALLY
At least we'll die together.

ROGER
How could you get me into this!?

Suddenly the door is heard to click ... their heads turn. It creaks open and standing there are Porfirio and Irene.

IRENE
This is not a good idea, it's going to storm.

PORFIRIO
We'll wait it out. If you've never made love under the stars before, you're in for an experience.

IRENE
But Roger will be back in minutes. Can't we just get a hotel room tomorrow? Roger? It's you, darling.

ROGER
Yes, dearest -- it's me.

Thunder cracks, lightning flashes and we

CUT TO:

69 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "UNCLE WALT."

SHOT of kids' show like "Uncle Don" in progress.

JOE (VO)
A true story? I don't know. I heard it was. There were many legends about our heroes, some I'm sure apocryphal, some exaggerated ... like for instance this one ...

69 CONTD

UNCLE WALT
Ok, kids, before we sign off, let's sing the Uncle Walt Squirrel Rangers Club song.
(sings this song ... another Dick Hyman special)
Remember, kids, to pay attention to Mom and Dad and to eat all your cereal and to tune in tomorrow night when your Uncle Walt will read the comic strips to you. Good night, Squirrel Rangers.

Signal show is off.

UNCLE WALT (contd)
There, that ought to hold the little bastards.

Everyone now realizes they're not off yet ... Reactions are fierce, crushed.

JOE (VO)
Another story from years ago which I know had to be suspicious, but they swear was true, concerned Mr. Needleman and his wife. They lived in our section of Long Beach.

CUT TO:

70 INT. NEEDLEMAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

Their modest house.

MR. NEEDLEMAN
C'mon, Helen, we'll be late for the movies.

HELEN
Who wants to see another western. He only likes cowboy movies.

MR. NEEDLEMAN
(to camera)
And she only likes stupid love stories.

70 CONTD

JOE (VO)
(action to word)
And so they left the house for the evening. What they didn't account for was burglars in the neighborhood.

71 EXT. NEEDLEMANS' RESIDENTIAL STREET. NIGHT.

All exaggerated. Two burglars in car loom up somehow down the block.

The burglars go stealthily down the street, perhaps trying one house and there's a dog, so it's comical but no go for them.

They might try another window but something else is wrong.

Finally they hit on the Needlemans' house. Miraculously the window is open. They enter.

72 INT. NEEDLEMAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

They are in the middle of a score when the phone rings.

They agonize about whether to pick up phone or not. It persists, causing a nearby dog to bark; finally one burglar picks it up.

BURGLAR
Hello?

CUT INSTANTLY TO:

73 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "GUESS THAT TUNE." NIGHT.

Radio studio, big quiz show.

MC
You, Mr. ~~Abe~~ Sol Needleman, have been chosen from the telephone book to -- Guess That Tune!

Music plays, applause.

CUT TO:

72 CONTD

Burglars who are caught short, don't know how to react, frozen.

CUT TO:

73 CONTD

Studio. Band plays a melody.

MC
Can you tell us what is the tune the orchestra is playing?

CUT TO:

72 CONTD

Burglars.

BURGLAR
I can't hear it.

SECOND CROOK
What are you doing?

BURGLAR
Quick, turn on the radio.

SECOND CROOK
Are you crazy!?

BURGLAR
Hurry up -- I think I know it!

The burglar pushes past second crook and turns on radio, switches dial and hears tune clearly.

BURGLAR (contd)
"I'll Get By."

CUT TO:

73 CONTD

Studio.

MC
That's right!

Applause.

MC (contd)
Now for question two on the way to the grand jackpot -- Here's the tune ...

Music.

CUT TO:

72 CONTD

Burglar.

BURGLAR
"Chinatown, My Chinatown."

CUT TO:

73 CONTD

Studio.

MC
That's correct! And now the chance for the grand jackpot with all the prizes -- this one is not so easy, so get ready --

Music.

CUT TO:

72 CONTD

Burglar.

BURGLAR
Er ... gee, it's familiar but ... er ...

SECOND CROOK
I know that from my father -- it's "The Sailor's Hornpipe."

BURGLAR
"The Sailor's Hornpipe."

CUT TO:

73 CONTD

Studio.

MC
That's right! Mr. ~~Abe~~ Sol Needleman, you've won the grand jackpot!

CUT TO:

74 INT. NEEDLEMAN HOUSE. NIGHT.

Later that night, the Needlemans return home to find their house robbed.

74 CONTD

JOE (VO)
Later that night, the Needlemans came home and found twenty-four dollars and some rhinestone jewelry missing. But the next morning a truck arrived --

CUT TO:

75 EXT. NEEDLEMAN HOUSE. DAY.

Truck loading in endless gifts -- washing machines, toasters, chairs, lawnmower, etc.

CUT TO:

76 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Household ... It is a high Jewish holiday and everything is quiet and austere. From next door, the neighbors' radio blasts away.

CEIL
It's terrible. They have no respect.

ABE
They should be thrown out of the neighborhood.

RUTHIE
(entering)
Grandma can't stand the radio next door.

CEIL
Isn't that awful ... on the highest of all Jewish holidays they blast the radio.

RUTHIE
I thought you're allowed to turn it on.

ABE
You're not. You can't turn on a light switch -- nothing -- you're supposed to just sit and fast and pray and atone for your sins.

RUTHIE
Well, they're not.

76 CONTD

Throughout this WE GLIMPSE the neighbors hanging out wash, very uncaring.

ABE
What the hell do they care? They're communists.

CEIL
That's right. They don't believe in religion.

MOTHER
(enters)
Isn't it terrible? They have no respect next door.

CEIL
Abe, go speak to them.

ABE
I should speak to them? I wanna burn their house down, but I'm not allowed to light matches today.

MOTHER
And look at them eating food. Don't they know we're fasting?

CEIL
Of course they know. They're Jewish ... but they don't believe in God, just Stalin.

MOTHER
Talk to them, Abe. They're blasting the radio. It's a sin.

77 EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD. DAY.

Abe goes to back fence or whatever to confront them. Doris is present.

ABE
Hey -- can you turn that off. We're praying.

NEIGHBOR
Praying? What good is that? You should be working. Working for the benefit of your fellow man.

77 CONTD

ABE
It's a sin to work today.

NEIGHBOR
It's a sin not to work.

ABE
Please, it's a very holy day.

NEIGHBOR
Come inside, have a glass of tea with us, we'll talk.

ABE
I'll talk, but I'm not allowed to eat.

NEIGHBOR
Not allowed? Says who?

CUT TO:

78 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Family.

CEIL
He's been there two hours.

FATHER
Meanwhile the radio is still going.

MOTHER
Better be careful. The daughter believes in free love.

FATHER
Why do you say that?

MOTHER
You heard what happened to Mrs. Silverman?

79 INT. MRS. SILVERMAN'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

FLASHBACK ... Mrs. Silverman up at night taking cocoa.

MOTHER (VO)
She couldn't sleep -- she was up one night taking a hot chocolate ... she heard a car pull up three in the morning.

Mrs. Silverman looks out window.

83 CONTD

CEIL
It's about time.

FATHER
But they're still carrying on.

MOTHER
What'd you do there for two hours?

ABE
Talked -- or I should say, listened.

FATHER
You didn't eat?

ABE
I did eat.

They are aghast.

CEIL
Abe, we're fasting.

ABE
They're right, it's silly.

CEIL
Ohmigod!

ABE
I should fast to atone for my sins? What are my sins? Who did I bother? The only sin is the exploitation of the workers by the bosses.

FATHER
Listen to him.

MOTHER
Did the daughter get a hold of you?

ABE
The problem is not between man and some imaginary super being, it's between man and the owners of ninety percent of the world's wealth ... See, lemme explain something ...

FADE OUT.

84 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - BILL KERN. DAY.

Bill Kern at microphone.

ANNOUNCER
And now Bill Kern's favorite sports legends.

BILL
Hello sports fans and welcome to tonight's edition of Bill Kern's favorite sports legends ...

85 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - UNCLE ABE. DAY.

JOE (VO)
(as Bill yammers on)
Uncle Abe's favorite radio show was Bill Kern's sports show.

BILL
His name was Kirby Kyle ... a lean southpaw from Tennessee.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. DAY.

Image of Kirby on the mound.

RADIO (contd)
He threw fast and had a good curve ball and all the hitters knew it.

He fans one.

RADIO (contd)
He had a great future ... but one day ... he went hunting ...

87 EXT. WOODS. DAY.

SHOT of Kirby in woods, his dog and rifle.

RADIO (contd)
Chasing a rabbit, he stumbled and his rifle went off.

We don't see the actual shooting but hear it.

RADIO (contd)
The bullet entered his leg. Two days later, it was amputated. They said he'd never pitch again.

CUT TO:

88 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. DAY.

Kirby on mound with one leg.

RADIO (contd)
But next season he was back ... he had one leg -- but he had something more important ... he had heart.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. WOODS. DAY.

Him in woods again ... again an accident.

RADIO (contd)
The following winter, another accident cost Kirby Kyle an arm ... fortunately not his pitching arm.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. DAY.

Him on mound, one leg, one arm.

RADIO (contd)
He had one leg and one arm but more than that ... he had heart.

91 EXT. WOODS. DAY.

Again, winter, the woods, an accident.

RADIO (contd)
The next winter, going after deer, his gun misfired ...

CUT TO:

92 EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. DAY.

Kirby on mound, black glasses.

RADIO (contd)
He was blind ... but he had instinct as to where to throw the baseball -- instinct -- and heart ... ~~The following year, Kirby Kyle was [illegible]~~

A93 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - BILL KERN. DAY. (same as Sc. 84)
start w/ "The following year..."

The following year, Kirby Kyle was run over by a truck and killed. The following season he won eighteen games

(MORE)

all new dialogue!

92 CONTD

RADIO (contd)
... in the big league in the sky. This has been Bill Kern with another sports legend.

CUT ~~BACK~~ TO:

93 ~~EXT. THE STREET. DAY.~~

~~Abe watching kids play punch ball.~~

OMIT

~~JOE (VO)~~
~~Uncle Abe was a tailor. He loved sports and while he loved his daughter, I think he'd have preferred a boy.~~

~~CUT TO:~~

94 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "FUTURE STARS OF TOMORROW." DAY.

Little kid singing on the air.

JOE (VO contd)
Cousin Ruthie loved the Future Stars of Tomorrow Show and dreamed secretly of being on it.

CUT TO:

95 INT. JOE'S HOUSE

Ruthie pantomiming a song before mirror.

CUT TO:

96 INT. JOE'S HOUSE

Ceil at radio.

JOE (VO contd)
~~Aunt Ceil had no favorite show. She was one of thos nervous station changers.~~ Aunt Ceil's favorite show was "The Famous Ventriloquist"...

[~~SEE~~ ~~ATTACHED~~ PAGE FOR DIALOGUE]

~~Ceil drives them all crazy switching.~~

~~ABE~~
~~Stop already! I can't stand it!~~

ABE
He's a ventriloquist on radio. How do you know he's not moving his lips?

JOE (VO)
Dad and Mom liked lots of things. One of their favorites was Mr. Abercrombie.

CEIL
Who cares. Leave me alone.

CUT TO:

97 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - MR. ABERCROMBIE.

Studio.

HOST
And now the world famous counsellor for problems of the human heart -- Thomas Abercrombie!

MR. ABERCROMBIE
(a smarmy type if there ever was one)
If you'll tell me what's troubling you, we'll try and find a solution.

HOUSEWIFE
Six years ago his mother came to live with us and she won't leave and he won't put her out.

MAN
Claire, how can I throw my own mother out?

MR. ABERCROMBIE
No names, please.

WIFE
Grab her by the neck and push her out onto the street.

As we CUT TO Mr. Abercrombie in a SINGLE, we hear:

JOE (VO)
My parents fought so often I always imagined them on that show airing their standard complaints.

98 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - MR. ABERCROMBIE.

CUT FROM Mr. Abercrombie REVEALING his parents now.

MOTHER
He never amounted to anything. He's a business failure. He never finishes what he starts. We're forced to live with my relatives and thank god for them. And I could have married Sam Slotkin ...

98 CONTD

FATHER
Sam Slotkin's dead.

MOTHER
Yes, but when he was alive -- he was working.

FATHER
She'd be lost without her whole family around all the time. And you should see them. They're like some kind of tribe -- like the Huns. Maybe if I had married a more encouraging woman, who knows?

MOTHER
So who do you think is right?

MR. ABERCROMBIE
I think you deserve each other.

MOTHER
What does that mean?

FATHER
We didn't come here to be insulted.

MOTHER
I love him, but what did I do to deserve him?

CUT TO:

99 EXT. ~~CLARK'S ICE CREAM PARLOUR~~. Zoo. DAY.

SHOT of parents taking little Joe to ~~ice cream parlour~~. the zoo.

JOE (VO)
The only time I ever met a radio personality was when my parents took me to ~~Clark's -- the best ice cream parlour in Rockaway~~. once to the zoo

~~Restaurant will suit description~~.

100 ~~INT. CLARK'S~~. EXT. Zoo. DAY.

~~People with huge sundaes~~.

JOE (VO contd)
I remember the word was out ~~in the place~~ that one of the Whiz Kids was there.

101 ~~INT.~~ EXT. ZOO. DAY. CLARK'S - ~~SANDFORD'S TABLE.~~

Sure enough, Sandy, the most obnoxious, ~~sits~~ is there belonging like a little spoiled king, his doting parents flanking him. Presently family wanders over to them.

FATHER
We enjoy your son on the radio.

The parents smile disgustingly.

FATHER (contd)
You're a real genius.

SANDY
~~Obviously anyone with a 160 IQ would qualify for the optimum category.~~ Yes, I have an 160 IQ. That is extraordinary by any standards.

FATHER
This is our son. Say hello.

As he pushes Joe, Joe wriggles shyly.

JOE
Hi.

SANDY
Charmed to make your acquaintance although, perhaps, charmed is really overstating it.

MOTHER
Your son is a whiz at math.

FATHER
Quick, what's 1754 divided into thirteen million? Ha, ha ...

MOTHER
(embarrassed)
Martin ...

FATHER
(about Joe)
This palooka can't pass a simple arithmetic exam.

SANDY
And now, if you'll excuse us. I'm sure you've come here to fulfill some purpose other than ~~the preoccupation with a celebrated personality.~~ to obsess relentlessly over a celebrated personality.

101 CONTD

The family moves on.

MOTHER
What a kid. So well spoken.

FATHER
(hitting little Joe as they walk)
Why can't you be like that? Huh? Why can't you be a genius? You're too busy listening to the radio ...

CUT TO:

A102 Aunt Bea home listening to radio music. EXT. YARD?

JOE (VO)
Aunt Bea listened always to music. Because of her I grew up hearing the most wonderful songs. To this day there are certain songs that the minute I hear them I get instant memory flashes.

Song number one plays.

CUT TO:

B102 Little, flirtatious girl walking on street or in schoolyard.

JOE (VO contd)
Like for instance, every time I hear [song we pick] I think of Ellen Gorowitz who I had a crush on, but who didn't like me. And Linda Koch liked me and I didn't like her. I knew already what life was like.

Play this out and

CUT TO:

C102 Parents at home, lights set for simple private celebration over cake; suit action to words.

JOE (VO contd)
This song reminds me of my parents' anniversary -- the only time I ever saw them kiss ...

(ALTERNATE/ADDITIONAL JOE VO:
Mother did something that really told me something about their relationship ...

MOTHER TAKES MAN OFF TOP OF ANNIVERSARY CAKE AND BITES ITS HEAD OFF)

CUT TO:

D102 EXT. LOCALE

snowed in. Suit action to words.

JOE (VO contd)
When this song was popular on the radio, I remember so clearly the blizzard when Alvin Beirman got in trouble for building a snowman with a penis.

CUT TO:

E102 Man in shorts running down street.

JOE (VO contd)
My favorite tune as a kid was [song we pick] and I always associate its popularity with a special incident. When Mr. Zipsky had a nervous breakdown and ran down the street in his underwear with a cleaver.

(Note: The above locale could be modified to when he showed up in synagogue same way, or something else.)

CUT TO:

F102 Aunt Bea, her date, and little Joe entering the grand lobby of Radio City Music Hall -- if it still exists and they let us shoot there. Otherwise, I will write another bit.

JOE (VO contd)
But the most beautiful song we used to hear on the radio I associate with the time Aunt Bea and her then boyfriend, Chester, when they took me to New York -- to the movies. As a boy, I thought it was the most beautiful place I'd ever been to.

If the above works, the theatre should look great.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

102 EXT. CITY STREET CORNER. DAY.

New York street. A man giving out tix to broadcast to reluctant passing weirdos.

102 CONTD

ARVIDE
Want to see a radio braodcast? Free tickets.

WOMAN
No thanks.

ARVIDE
Radio broadcast? "The Herbie Hanson Show."

COUPLE
(taking tix reluctantly)
What's he do?

ARVIDE
You never heard of "The Herbie Hanson Comedy Show"?

COUPLE
No.

ARVIDE
Well, it's a new show. Take two tickets, you'll have a swell time.
((goes to next)
Tickets to "The Herbie Hanson Show"? Tonight at seven.

WOMAN
I guess.

He gives her a pair for her and her wretched kid.

ARVIDE
(to a couple)
Where are you two from?

MAN
Ox Valley, Dakota.

ARVIDE
There's a swell new comedy show -- only on three weeks but it's a dandy -- I'll bet you'd love two free tickets.

WOMAN
Sure.

CUT TO:

103 INT. BACKSTAGE - "HERBIE HANSON SHOW." NIGHT.

Backstage of same show; writers, producer, the usual panic situation.

AD MAN
The rating is terrible -- we're off to a poor start.

PRODUCER
It's the scripts.

HEAD WRITER
The scripts are fine. He's not funny, let's face it.

GAG MAN ED
I need a gag about automobiles.

GAG FILE MAN
Right ...
(goes to immense file)

PRODUCER
The audiences sit there like they're stuffed.

AD MAN
And the less they laugh, the more nervous he gets. Then he starts pressing -- flop sweat appears on his brow ... It goes from bad to worse.

GAG FILE MAN
The car was so old it used candles for headlights.

HEAD WRITER
Great, perfect!

PRODUCER
Don't worry, I got something special planned for tonight.

HEAD WRITER
What?

PRODUCER
Bring in the paid laughers.

AD MAN
Paid laughers?

103 CONTD

PRODUCER
All the other shows do it, why not us?

HEAD WRITER
They don't all do it. It's degrading.

PRODUCER
Stick to coming up with the gags, ok? It's a known fact about audience psychology. They need group leaders. To get things rolling. Even Jack Benny uses them.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTD

A group of paid laughers come in. One, incidentally is the cigarette girl, now fired apparently, who is picking up a few bucks this way.

The others are three or four very well chosen silly looking people of various weights and appearances who will laugh like crazy in exaggerated ways.

PRODUCER
Ok -- now when Herbie Hanson tells a joke, you'll all be responsible for giving him a big boost.
(one at a time)
Let's hear you.

Big laugh.

PRODUCER (contd)
You.

Second guy laughs a lot.

PRODUCER (contd)
Go ahead.

Cigarette girl laughs hysterically.

PRODUCER (contd)
And you.

Finally guy with an air-gulping laugh.

PRODUCER (contd)
Now together.

They all laugh in this absurd symphony of cackling.

PRODUCER (contd)
Now we're going to seat you in the audience tonight and when Herbie Hanson tells a joke -- you really let him hear it.

He hands them bills off a roll in his pocket.

CUT TO:

104 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO AUDIENCE. NIGHT.

The audience rushing in to take their seats.

104 CONTD

What a bunch! Shopping bags, cripples, crazies, deadbeats. A casting nightmare.

Our four shills sit together in a prime spot.

CUT TO:

105 OMIT

106 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "HERBIE HANSON SHOW." NIGHT.

Announcer.

KEN
And now, The Associated Life Insurance Company presents, "The Herbie Hanson Comedy Show"!

Waves for audience to applaud. They do in a reasonable though not extraordinary manner.

KEN (contd)
(reading commercial)
When you die -- pass away -- leave this earth forever -- are your loved ones taken care of? When you are not around and your spouse and children are stunned and grief-stricken, can they take solace in the fact you've provided? Think it over. And then call one of Associated's many insurance salesmen. We have a policy, right for you. Remember -- Life is short, but death is forever. And now, here's Herbie Hanson!

This pall having been cast, Hanson comes out and begins his monologue.

MONOLOGUE

Thank you very much. How do you do, ladies and gentlemen? This is Herbie Hanson broadcasting from midtown Manhattan where the traffc is so heavy, Broadway looks like one big parking lot. xxxx And these women drivers. I saw one woman stick her hand out the window, I thought she was signalling for a turn,..but she was drying her nail polish. And I just got back from Washington D.C. I love to go to Washington...if only to be near my money. Not that I mind paying taxes..if they'd just let me feel it a little longer. And I ran into President Roosevelt..too bad we were both in cars at the time...He said to me, listen stupid.. he always calls me, listen...And it was so cold in the hotel I stayed at..I looked in my closet one morning and my top coat was wearing my overcoat. I finally called the manager of my hotel and said, "This is Herbie Hanson and my room is freezing." He said, xxx "I know, we didn't want you to spoil." And the hotels are so modern..all the bellboys have the latest styles..they're wearing their palms too inches xxxxxxx longer. But I just came back from Washington on the train..and they really give you good service. In fact, when it got too bumpy they even gave me a softer mail sack. What a train trip. All night long the wheels kept me awake saying, "Bromo Seltzer, Bromo Seltzer, Bromo Seltzer. " Finally gave me such a headache I had to get up and take one. That's the last joke I ever buy from Mary Livingston's mother, I wanna tell you that.
But I don't mind all the cars here in NY. Yes, there's no place like Manhattan. Not even Mannattan. I didn't always live in the city. I began as a gentleman farmer. I was never able to grow any though. And all the real celebrities have places in Hollywood..in fact Trigger has a ranch house where he raises people. And Sinatra had a ranch, but met with misfortune. He stuck his finer in the ground to plant a seed, fell in, and hasn't been heard from since.

106 CONTD

HERBIE
Thank you, Ken Phillips. Y'know, it's wonderful to be back and see all your smiling faces --

SEE MONOLOGUES

He goes into a monologue which I'll provide.

He finishes first joke, no laughter except our shills go nuts.

He does second joke. Only shills laugh.

He does third joke, and on way to punch line, the cigarette girl howls at a build-up straight line.

It throws Herbie.

HERBIE (contd)
Aha ... it's not that funny, madam.

Cigarette girl howls.

HERBIE (contd)
Are you laughing or laying an egg?

The other three suckers howl.

HERBIE (contd)
At least they love me in section four.

The shills howl. Now the audience starts to laugh at the shills.

The shills like it and laugh. The audience laughs at their silliness. Hanson is out of it.

Now the fat shill rises and gives his horse laugh to the delight of the fans.

The second shill rises to top him. The crowd applauds.

Hanson is going panicky.

HERBIE (contd)
May I remind you there's a show up here!

Cigarette girl rises, laughs.

106 CONTD

Someone signals the band. They strike up and play as the fourth shill rises and laughs.

HERBIE (contd)
What the hell's going on!?
(to orchestra)
Cut, cut!

They stop.

HERBIE (contd)
That's the first time the audience came in to see themselves.

The crowd finally gives him a laugh.

HERBIE (contd)
Now I got a monologue and expensive writers. I paid for these jokes, I'm gonna use 'em.

They clap.

HERBIE (contd)
I'll start over.

He gets ready to; a man runs out from backstage with a printed page.

MAN
Ladies and gentlemen, we must interrupt this show for a bulletin. In response to the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt has declared war on the Axis. Repeat. The United States is now in a state of war with Japan and Germany. No matter how much blood is spilled, said members of Congress, we will not quit until the enemy is destroyed. And now, we continue with the show.

HERBIE
(speechless, in a daze)
A m-man g-goes into a store ...
w-wants t-to b-buy a ch-chicken ...

But the audience is running out in all different directions.

FADE OUT.

107 MUSIC - "I'll Be Seeing You."

VARIOUS CUTS while song is on in background.

Girl and sailor kissing goodbye.

108 INT. ~~CLASSROOM~~. DAY.

PAN UP ~~in school room~~ to poster on wall saying something like "Loose lips, etc." or "Don't let this shadow fall on them."

109 EXT. MRS. TROLL'S VICTORY GARDEN. DAY.

Some ingenuously utilized spot to grow her vegetables and she smiles proudly giving V sign. She should be someone we've dealt with too. Perhaps the Needlemans.

110 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. DAY.

Kids collecting scrap iron. Cub Scouts?

CUT TO:

111 EXT. CITY STREET CORNER. DAY.

Man on the street interviews so popular in radio at that time. Small crowd around man with microphone. Manhattan.

INTERVIEWER
What do you think about America entering the war?

MR. GLOBUS
I think we're gonna knock the hell out of those Japs and Germans and be out of it in three weeks.

INTERVIEWER
(to a woman)
And you, madam?

MR. BROOKS
I hope we're doing the right thing. I don't see why Europe can't fight its own wars.

A bigot grabs microphone.

BIGOT
They certainly can. We've been led into this war by Roosevelt and monied interests on the east coast. And those people know who I'm talking about.

111 CONTD

MRS. GLOBUS
We gonna get in there and mop up! I never liked those Germans. They got Hitler, but we got Joe Louis. And the Japs got the Emperor, but we got Father Divine.

CUT TO:

112 EXT. SOMEONE'S DOOR. KIDS COLLECTING TIN FOIL.

Family at home, kids around radio.

RADIO (VO)
Get out your secret decoders and be prepared for a message from the Masked Avenger. Remember, Nazi spies are everywhere. Be on the lookout for enemy planes, for telltale signs, and remember to save tin foil -- it helps build tanks. Now the message ...

CUT TO:

113 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

Later -- large gathering at dinner.

FATHER
Not with your hands. What am I raising, an animal?

UNCLE
The war is good for business. Production is up.

FATHER
For my business it's the same.

JOE
What is your business, Dad?

GRANDPA
He's a big butter and egg man.

Bell rings. Aunt Bea, dolled up, enters, but not for meal.

BEA
That's for me!

FATHER
Another poor victim.

CEIL
Listen, I wish she'd get a victim already.

113 CONTD

ABE
All the men are in the army ...
he has to be 4F.

BEA
He's lovely ... he works in my
office ... he's sensitive ...
He was engaged but his fiancee died
in a car crash ... so he's obviously
marriage minded.

GRANDPA
Believe me, I'm praying.

She opens door and a very definite attractive homosexual man enters.

BEA
I want you all to meet Fred.

Ad-lib greetings.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTD

MOTHER
Can we offer you anything, Fred?

FRED
Not really, thank you.

UNCLE
Maybe he wants to take some fish. I brought home some fresh sea bass ...

FRED
Bea has told me so much about you all.

FATHER
I can imagine.

MOTHER
Martin, not with the jokes.

BEA
We'll be back later. We're going to the ballet.

FRED
Yes. "Afternoon of a Faun" ... It makes me cry.

CEIL
Have a nice time, Bea. And Fred.

FRED
Thanks so much.

And they exit. Family continues to eat.

MOTHER
What did you think, Martin? You think he was all right?

CEIL
He seemed very sweet to me.

FATHER
If you ask me, he seemed a little effeminate.

ABE
Whatever he is, he's 4F.

CUT TO:

114 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

After dinner, listening to someone like Bing Crosby sing on radio.

Mother knits. Father reads paper. Uncle and Aunt play dominoes. Grandparents not present. Cousin Ruthie cuts out her movie star photos. Mother is pregnant.

FATHER
Y'know what I was thinking, Tess?

MOTHER
What?

FATHER
If I could learn engraving and buy a machine ...

MOTHER
Not another get rich scheme.

FATHER
I could make a few dollars engraving and let me tell you the beauty part.

MOTHER
Yeah, I'm waiting.

FATHER
When you engrave gold rings and lockets, what you cut out when you're making the letters falls down on your table and it accumulates ... gold dust.

MOTHER
Forget it, willya. It'll be like all the other ideas.

FATHER
Gold dust, Tess. And the engraver owns it.

MOTHER
Hold my wool. If it's a girl, I thought we could name it Lola.

FATHER
Lola? What do you want her to be? A stripper?

MOTHER
And if it's a boy, Lionel.

FATHER
No son of mine is going to be named Lionel.

MOTHER
I want an "L" name -- after my Uncle Louie.

114 CONTD

FATHER
An "L" name after your Uncle Louie? How 'bout louse?

CUT TO:

115 INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Joe in bed. He hears parents listening to news on radio.

116 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

RADIO
The news is not good tonight. Reports are that Nazi tank divisions are pushing American infantrymen back in furious armored warfare. Meanwhile, on the second front, Japanese have taken control of two more islands in the Philippines ...

Ceil turns dial. we hear music.

MOTHER
What do you think, Martin? You think Hitler's gonna win?

MARTIN
Sometimes I wonder about the wisdom of bringing new life into this world.

Air raid warden raps on windows.

WARDEN
C'mon, lights out ... blackout ... let's go ... blackout ...

The family, in ad-lib fashion, scurry around and douse all the lights.

CEIL
~~Turn off the news. It's depressing.~~ The news is so depressing.

ABE
Between the communists and the Nazis, give me those reds.

CEIL
Stick to your fish.

Radio dial has been turned to:

116 CONTD

RADIO
This is John Jenkins broadcasting from London and the bombs are falling ...

Turn dial.

RADIO (contd)
And the morale of the boys here at Guadalcanal is good despite heavy losses.

Cecil turns dial. we hear different music.

MOTHER
What do they want, those Nazis? To slaughter everyone on the planet?

FATHER
The Nazis, the communists ... the world would be better off without any of them. You know what W.C. Fields said ... he said to settle a war, the leaders of the countries involved should meet in a stadium and fight it out with socks filled with horse manure.

117 EXT. JOE'S BACKYARD. NIGHT.

Mother opens door, they wander out. She looks up, sky ablaze with moving searchlights.

MOTHER
Wake him so he can see the searchlights.

FATHER
Let him sleep. He's got school.

MOTHER
It's so beautiful ... what a world. It could be so wonderful if it wasn't for certain people.

CUT TO:

118 INT. JOE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Middle of night, later. Joe is awakened by sound of music, faintly. He sneaks out of bed ...

119 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - PARLOR. NIGHT.

... and spies on Aunt Bea and Fred in the parlor. Radio plays very softly for them.

BEA
I had a very nice time.

FRED
Yes, it was wonderful.

BEA
It's a very clear night. You can see all the stars.

FRED
I think I should be going.

BEA
Oh, don't go ... it's not late.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTD

FRED
I have to drive back to the Bronx.

BEA
(close to him)
Fred ... You must know I have a little crush on you.

FRED
Please, Bea ...

BEA
What is it? What's wrong?

FRED
Nothing ... I ... I just ...
(begins to sob)

BEA
What is it? Is it still your fiancee? It's been such a long period of grief. It's not fair to you.

FRED
I know ... but every time I hear that song on the radio, my memory goes back to Leonard. That was our song.

BEA
Leonard?

FRED
My beloved.

BEA
You never said your fiancee's name was Leonard.

FRED
How could I?

BEA
I see ... well ... calm yourself ... would you like a drink?

He shakes head.

BEA (contd)
Just relax ... It is a nice song.

119 CONTD

She turns up song a bit ... Fred is weeping ... another strikeout for Bea.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. BROADCASTING STUDIO. DAY.

Radio show in progress. We might want, in this instance to use an EXT. CUT first if we need an EXT. SHOT. To be decided.

CUT TO:

121 INT. BROADCASTING STUDIO - "BIFF BAXTER, G-MAN." DAY.

Inside eventually.

BIFF
(strapping man)
Ok, the game is up. You axis spies have had it.

GERMAN
You are outnumbered. You haven't a chance.

CHINESE
My men are all armed with Samuri swords.

BIFF
Oh really? Well, suppose we just see Herr Himmel.

Sound effects ... guns ... fighting; glass crashes ... The axis powers make sounds of defeat.

BIFF (contd)
Ok, I think you've learned your lesson. One American with courage is worth twenty of you. Come along. Uncle Sam knows what to do with axis rats.

ANNOUNCER
And so we bring to a close today's episode of "Biff Baxter, G-man." Brought to you by the makers of Zest Crunchies, the cereal of red-blooded American boys everywhere.

121 CONTD

Off the air ... Biff collapses with anxiety.

BIFF
Oh god ... I can't move ... my heart's pounding. I'm scared!

PRODUCER
Relax ... you have everything?

BIFF
Yes, but what if it doesn't work?

PRODUCER
Let's hope. Now come on. Buck up.

CUT TO:

122 INT. DRAFT PHYSICAL. DAY.

Biff endures a nightmare.

BIFF
See ... I have a doctor's note ... I have asthma and sinus ...

SERGEANT
Let's go ... move along ... no evidence ...

BIFF
Oh yes. I swear ... did the psychologist tell you, I have a chronic problem still with bed-wetting?

DOCTOR
Flat feet. He's 4F.

Look of relief.

BIFF
(sobbing)
Flat feet -- thank God. Oh, God -- thank God.

CUT BACK TO:

123 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "BIFF BAXTER, G-MAN." DAY.

Show in progress.

BIFF
Take that! All you Nazis don't stand a chance against a single fearless Yankee!

CUT TO

124 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROOFTOPS. DAY.

The pals of young Joe and Joe unwrap binoculars they bought and start plane spotting.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Let's see it --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
Does it work?

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
Let me try -- wow -- It's the same kind the Masked Avenger uses.

General ad-lib trying them out ...

JOE
Now if we see any German ones, I have a phone number to call.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
(observing)
There's one --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
(grabbing it)
No -- that's one of ours --

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
You sure?

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
I don't think the Germans can get over here so easy.

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
They can -- The Masked Avenger says they're working on rockets.

JOE
Let me see -- there's one -- hey -- could that be Japanese? It's a bomber.

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
Lemme see --

They go on in this fashion ad-lib for a bit, Joe on his turn, turns the binoculars on windows and then:

JOE
Hey -- wow --

124 CONTD

BURT
~~KID ONE~~
What?

ALL KIDS
What?

NICK
~~KID TWO~~
Lemme see --

JOE
Hold it -- wow --

125 EXT/INT. JOE'S POV - MISS GORDON UNDRESSING. DAY.

Naturally it is a woman undressing --

124 CONTD

The guys take turns peeking.

DAVE
~~KID THREE~~
Jesus -- what legs --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
Where, where? Lemme see --

JOE
It's my turn --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
(looking)
Wow -- You think that's a Maidenform brassiere? My sister has one.

JOE
(grabbing glasses)
Wow -- she's gonna take a shower -- I can hardly breathe --

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Hey -- there's a big plane overhead --

JOE
Yeah, yeah, right --
(keeps looking at the young woman)

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
It could be the Nazis --

124 CONTD

JOE
There's no Nazis here --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
So why'd we buy the binoculars?

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
(grabs them)
Lemme see -- oh hell -- she's gone ...

126 OMIT

Disappointed, they give a cursory glance to the plane, then more windows --

127 EXT/INT. POV - MRS. GOODSTEIN'S KITCHEN. DAY.

124 CONTD

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
There's Mrs. Goodstein -- cooking ...

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
(grabbing them)
Gimme them ... Yeah --- too bad the blonde's gone ... Hey -- what's that?

128 EXT/INT. POV - RIENZI WITH RADIO. DAY.

Sights something, man in room with remote radio.

124 CONTD

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Lemme see --
(looks)
It's a guy with -- a radio --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
That's a shortwave radio ...

JOE
(looking)
Lemme see -- wow -- Hey --

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
Oh, it's nothing ...

JOE
I'll bet he's an axis spy.

124 CONTD

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
He's the superintendent of that building, Mr. Rienzi.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Italian -- he could be working for Mussolini ...

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
What do you wanna do?

JOE
We should put a tail on him.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
He's right -- if he's working for the Axis, it's our job to smell him out.

JOE
He's hiding something in the boot of his shoot -- his heel, I mean --

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
A map?

JOE
No, I can't tell clearly --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
(grabbing glasses)
Lemme see --
(looks)
I think it's microfilm.

129 OMIT

130 NOW PART OF SC. 124

131 OMIT

132 EXT/INT. MISS GORDON IN SHOWER. DAY.

? Nick Kid Two notices the showering girl.

124 CONTD

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
Hey, look -- She's getting out of the shower!

They all take the spyglass, murmuring, "Wow," "Oh, boy" ... She puts on a record -- we hear the music -- she dances a bit, naked, just keeping time for herself.

CUT TO:

133 INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL HALLWAY. DAY.

The kids in school, not Hebrew this time, public school.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Let's try and sneak into Rienzi's apartment after school today.

133 CONTD

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
We can do it -- he's always out in the afternoons fixing stuff.

JOE
I gotta go to Hebrew School after school --

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
Me too, but we can play hooky.

~~KID THREE~~ DAVE
Again? My folks'll kill me if they find out.

~~KID ONE~~ BURT
It's for your country -- what would Biff Baxter do? Or the Masked Avenger?

134 INT. PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM. DAY.

They pile into class and Mrs. Nash, the regular harridan, is not there today; it's the principal, Mr. Peters.

PRINCIPAL
Let's go -- stop that fight back there -- You! Drexler -- I've got my eye on you.

JOE
(whispering to pal)
Where's Mrs. Nash? Why's the principal here today?

LOOMIS (A BOY)
He took my lunch!

PRINCIPAL
Do you all want to stay after school!?

BLINT (ANOTHER BOY)
I did not.

PRINCIPAL
Mrs. Nash is home with the flu today --

Kids cheer --

PRINCIPAL (contd)
That'll be enough of that! I'm going to come in and check
(MORE)

134 CONTD

PRINCIPAL (contd)
you every so often to make sure you behave -- and you'll have a substitute teacher --

Kids cheer --

PRINCIPAL (contd)
I said -- you'll behave!
(he walks to door)
Ah -- yes -- Miss Gordon -- they're all yours.

In walks Miss Gordon, the substitute teacher. She is the nude showering girl.

The voyeurs are stunned and speechless.

MISS GORDON
Ok, class -- we're going to begin today by each one telling me his or her name.

She points to boy in first seat, first row.

THOMAS
Thomas Santuli.

RITA
Rita Levine.

MARION
Marion Goldfarb.

DICK
Dick Knox.

BURT
~~Kid One~~, rising in turn, still dumbstruck. ~~Let's say his name is Paul~~.

B--b-b--Burt KID ONE
~~P--p-p--Paul~~ M--m-m-Mandell ...

JOE
(claps his hands to his head and squeals in amazement)
Yiii! I'm dying! I'm dying!

MISS GORDON
Is something wrong?

134 CONTD

JOE
Yiii!

MISS GORDON
Step up here! That boy -- up here!

Joe does, somnambulistically. Face one another closely.

MISS GORDON (contd)
Just because I'm not your regular teacher does not mean that I'll tolerate foolishness. This is a classroom and you will see that everyday discipline is maintained.

JOE
(he hums the song she was dancing to)
La-de-dah -- birthmark here --

He points to a spot no one could possibly know. She stares at him totally stunned and this is only broken when Kid Two from his seat squeals --

~~KID TWO~~ NICK
Oh god -- we'll wind up in hell!

CUT TO:

135 OMIT

136 OMIT

137 EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Later at beach ... kids wander, grey day ...

JOE
She's beautiful.

~~LOUIS~~ BURT
She's okay -- for a teacher. But I like Rita Hayworth.

JOE
I like Betty Grable.

~~ARNOLD~~ NICK
I like Dana Andrews.

137 CONTD

JOE
Dana Andrews is a man.

~~ARNOLD~~ NICK
She is?

JOE
Yeah. Didn't you see "Crash Dive"?

~~ARNOLD~~ NICK
With a name like Dana?

~~LOUIS~~ BURT
You wanna look for planes?

JOE
No, I'd rather think about Miss Gordon, the teacher.

~~LOUIS~~ BURT
But the Masked Avenger said ...

JOE
Who cares. There are no Germans here. Gosh, she was pretty.

~~ARNOLD~~ DAVE
I'm going home.

~~LOUIS~~ BURT
Me, too.

They exit.

JOE
I wanna be my myself.
(talking to himself)
Miss Gordon, I know you're much older than me ... Hello, Miss Gordon. Are you free tomorrow evening? ... Miss Gordon, you have the prettiest eyes ...

138 EXT. BEACH. DAY.

... then eventually, a German U-boat rises out to sea ... He is stunned ... He is speechless ... Then gradually it submerges ...

To end sequence, Joe faints.

[Note: POSSIBLE use of undercrank joke here) CUT TO:

139 SERIES OF SHOTS

SALLY
(she talks to camera)
When I came to New York I wanted to get into radio so badly. I just couldn't seem to break in. I supported myself any way I could. I was a cigarette girl. I took acting lessons, I worked as a paid laugher -- I even went to broadcasting school.

CUT TO:

140 INT. ADULT EDUCATION CLASS. NIGHT.

Vignette of this. A man with resonant voice before a class of adult education losers.

TEACHER
Hark! I hear the cannons roar. It is the king approaching?

TERRIBLE MAN
Hark! I hear the cannons roar. It is the king approaching?

CUT TO a housewife trying it.

CUT TO a man with a terrible speech impediment trying it.

CUT TO Sally trying it.

TEACHER
No, no, no -- cannons roar! -- Cannons roar!

CUT TO:

141 EXT. BROADCAST STUDIO. DAY.

Recording studio.

SALLY (VO)
~~I did get a chance to use my~~ singing voice.

Broadcasting school was a blast, so I tried acting lessons and singing lessons. I got to use both once.

CUT TO:

142 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - RE-LAX. DAY.

The making of a commercial. Sally is to sing it. Let's say it's a good-sized jingle for a product named Re-Lax (a laxative).

Present are the creative minds, plus the exaggerated versions of the ad men, and the sponsor and his wife.

142 CONTD

Sally sings -- let's also say Dick Hyman writes this.

She finishes this silly number.

DIRECTOR
No -- no ... more feeling ...
it has no inner life ...

AD MAN BILL
We want the name of the product
enunciated more clearly ...

DIRECTOR
Please, I'll deal with the
performers.

AD MAN TOM
And let's cut that phrase,
"X marks the spot" because
people will be reminded of
Ex-Lax.

SONG WRITER
You're being too touchy.

AD MAN TOM
Why take the chance.

DIRECTOR
Let's run it again, Sally.

She sings it again -- he breaks in the middle.

DIRECTOR
No -- no -- like this --
(sings)
Re-lax! Relax! ...

SALLY
What should I be thinking
inside?

DIRECTOR
Think laxative!

AD MAN BILL
Think soothing relief --

DIRECTOR
Please -- I'll give her her
motivation. Laxative, darling,
you crave one ... Try again.

She tries singing again ... As she sings:

142 CONTD

AD MAN TOM
It's not the commercial, it's the girl ... she has no flair for it ...

DIRECTOR
She's the best who auditioned.

AD MAN BILL
What do you say, Mr. Monroe?

SPONSOR
I think she's correct to represent my laxative ... she's fresh, her voice is natural and she does it simply.

Ad men ad-lib agreement obsequiously.

SPONSOR (contd)
(asks wife)
What do you think, Doris?

DORIS
I don't like her.

SPONSOR
Get rid of her.

CUT TO:

143 INT. USO BUILDING

Sally in USO outfit singing.

SALLY
I kicked around for a while -- acting when I could -- singing at the USO and all the while I was dating lots of actors and producers around Broadway and while they all promised me important roles, the only ones I ever got were in their bedrooms. And then someone suggested since I knew all these Broadway men -- intimately you might say -- why didn't I write a book about my experiences with them ... and call them by their real names of course. Well I did and the book sold very well and I was asked to do a Broadway
(MORE)

143 CONTD

SALLY (contd)
column in one of the newspapers and from there it was only a short step to my dream -- radio!

CUT TO:

144 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "GAY WHITE WAY."

Announcer.

ANNOUNCER
And now the makers of Garvey's Dog Biscuits bring you Sally White and her Gay White Way!

PAN DOWN TO this Hedda Hopper of the airways.

SALLY
Good evening. My first exclusive. Clark Gable was in town this week in uniform and where did he go? To El Morocco naturally. That brunette on his arm was Lolly Hayes, an up and coming starlet. Hope you had fun, Clark. My next exclusive ... What Broadway producer is in Bellevue for taking an opening night bow in the buff? ... Well ...

CUT TO:

145 INT. RADIO REPAIR SHOP. DAY.

Little Joe getting big radio out of repair shop.

JOE (VO)
(suiting action to word)
Whenever our radio was broken, life seemed so empty. Usually it was repaired quickly and I could never wait to pick it up. My parents told me I could take it home by taxi, but I figured if I carried it, I could keep the cab fare.

146 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS. DAY.

Meanwhile the kid has taken this heavy radio, perhaps a Stromberg-Carlson and is lugging it laboriously down the street ...

146 CONTD

We play this for a while and finally he gives up. Let's note that perhaps on the way he must pause to do one or two things like buy a pickle from the harridan who works the pickle barrel, or stare at a passing pretty young girl and bang into someone with the radio ... Bits must be devised, one or two and finally he's too exhausted to carry it further.

He goes out into street and seeks cab. Finally finds one, gets in.

147 INT. CAB. DAY.

Radio blocks his face from cabbie's.

LITTLE JOE
I wanna --

He is stunned to discover the driver is his father.

FATHER
(awkwardly)
I, er -- I'm helping out a friend ...

He drives him in silence.

148 EXT. CAB. DAY.

JOE (VO)
(over the INT. of ride or EXT.)
That's how I found out what my father did for a living. For some strange reason, he was ashamed of it. It didn't bother me one bit. I loved him. In fact I gave him a big tip.

CUT TO:

149 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD."

Radio personality singing "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old."

Continue song over:

150 INT. AUNT BEA'S BEDROOM.

SHOT of Aunt Bea painting her nylons on. (They did this.)

151 EXT.?

SHOT of Cousin Ruthie staring moon-eyed over a Marine.

152 OMIT

153 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM.

SHOT of Ceil with pencil and paper. Mother present and increasingly pregnant.

Abe present.

CEIL
Jimson's Coffee is having a slogan contest. You write it in to their radio show and you win a refrigerator.

ABE
Fraud.

CEIL
(waving him off)
What's a slogan?

FATHER
A coffee with oomph.

MOTHER
That's terrible.

FATHER
So what's yours? Big shot?

MOTHER
Good to the last drop.

FATHER
That's Maxwell House.

MOTHER
I knew I heard it.

CEIL
It won't keep you awake, it'll keep you happy.

153 CONTD

All ad-lib it's good.

CEIL (contd)
It's catchy.

Amidst all this, the mother goes into labor.

FATHER
What is it?

CEIL
Tess -- the baby?

Mother nods.

ABE
To the hospital!

CEIL
You got the cab out front?

FATHER
She won't let me, she's ashamed.
But I got the hearse.

OMIT

Chaos. They scramble.

JOE (VO)
My mother gave birth to my sister.

CUT TO:

154 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

Family around.

JOE (VO contd)
We all visited her in the hospital. My father stayed with her. I was taken out for the day by my Aunt Bea and her new boyfriend, Sy. I'll always remember this as the best time of my life but you'll see why.

CUT TO:

155 STOCK FOOTAGE. TIMES SQUARE? DAY.

CUT TO:

156 INT. EXHIBITION HALL. DAY.

Them looking at B-49 bomber on exhibition at hall in New York.

(OR)

CUT TO:

157 INT. ARCADE. DAY.

Them at arcade ... distorting mirrors.

CUT TO:

158 INT. TANGO PALACE. DAY.

Them at tango palace ... Bea dances with Sy.

CUT TO:

159 EXT. CITY STREET CORNER. DAY.

A guy giving out broadcast tix on street.

MAN
Tickets to a broadcast? Who wants free tickets?

Bea takes three.

CUT TO:

160 INT. BROADCAST STUDIO - "SILVER DOLLAR JACKPOT." NIGHT.

Them at the quiz show, "The Silver Dollar Jackpot."

PAN DOWN and SEE that Bea is a contestant.

MC
You're from ~~Long Beach?~~ Rockaway ?

Applause.

MC (contd)
And what do you do, Bea?

BEA
I'm a bookkeeper.

MC
Oh, for a minute I thought you said beekeeper. I'd hate to get stung.

Laughter.

160 CONTD

MC (contd)
Now you chose as your topic -- fish. How'd you get to know about fish?

BEA
My brother-in-law brings home fish from Sheepshead Bay all the time and we all help with them, so after a while you get to identify them and you know ...

SHOT of Joe and Sy in audience, enjoying.

JOE (VO)
And darned if she didn't get six out of six right and won the top prize.

CUT TO Bea.

BEA
Perch, red snapper, sea bass -- those are smelts.

That would be a flounder -- no, no, a fluke ... that's a fluke.

MC
You sure?

BEA
A fluke.

MC
Well, this is no fluke, you've won fifty silver dollars!

Music, applause.

CUT TO:

161 EXITING MACY'S. NIGHT.

The threesome, Joe holds a big box, a gift.

JOE
A chemistry set. I can't believe it. A real chemistry set. Finally. Finally ... I'm dying ... I can't wait to get home and open it ...

161 CONTD

SY
It was a lovely afternoon, a lovely afternoon.
(giving to the blind man)

BEA
I almost forgot what codfish look like. Lucky I remembered.

SY
This time next week, we won't have anything hanging over our heads ... I'll be free of all my obligations ...

BEA
Are you sure, Sy?

SY
I've only stayed because of the children. I'm telling you, Bea, mark my words -- this time next week, I'll be a free man.

A hug, but we can intimate the outcome along with the paying audience.

JOE
I can't believe it ... The most expensive one too!

CUT TO:

162 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.
CLOSE UP - RADIO

playing -- Music of the period.

FATHER
(entering eagerly)
Tess -- listen -- Manny Greenbaum just came up with what I think is going to make us rich.

MOTHER
Martin, the cab is fine.

FATHER
Why is it fine? I should drive a hack my whole life? Tess,
(MORE)

162 CONTD

FATHER (contd)
there's money to be made out there. Now pay attention. Jewish families up north always have the pleasure on Sunday mornings of bagels and lox ... but what about the Southern families ... Jewish families in Alabama and Mississippi where they don't know from bagels and lox ... Now if Manny and I package bagels and lox and ship them, handsomely boxed and kept fresh, don't ask me how yet, so that Jewish families who subscribe to our service can enjoy that breakfast ... what do you think?

MOTHER
Idiotic.

FATHER
What the hell do you know? Why is it idiotic?

MOTHER
(exiting)
I don't have the strength to tell you.

162 CONTD

RUTHIE
Shhh --
(listening to party line)
Mrs. Waldbaum's cousin Morris may be made a judge ... but he has to pay somebody off.

CUT TO:

162X EXT.

Abe is there with fish.

CEIL
Can you believe Abe brought home a sack of eels?

ABE
You don't like it? Take the gaspipe.

CEIL
Are eels kosher?

Bea enters, dials up radio.

BEA
Oh, that's the conga! It's a wonderful new dance. My teacher's teaching me to do it ... Here ... you form a line ...

ABE
Look what I got.

Produces eel -- Bea screams.

CUT TO:

162Y EXT.

Mrs. Waldbaum.

MRS. WALDBAUM
Stop listening to our party line!

Ruthie hangs up.

BEA
(to Ruthie)
Come, let me show you the conga ... My teacher said you can meet very interesting men on a conga line.

Ruthie joins her.

162 CONTD

GRANDMA
Where's my teeth? Did anybody see my teeth?

GRANDPA
A woman can't keep track of her own teeth!

GRANDMA
Quiet, Nathan.

GRANDPA
Look at me, I'm eighty-three -- I got all my teeth! These are all my own teeth!

Mother, chasing Joe, comes in with her fur coat a shade of purple, loud purple.

MOTHER
What did you do? You did this? You did this to my fur coat!?

FATHER
What's that?

MOTHER
(furious)
See what he did with his chemistry set!? He dyed my fur coat!

FATHER
He what!?

Ad-lib incredulity from others.

MOTHER
(to Bea)
You had to buy him a chemistry set!

FATHER
Now you're gonna get it!

JOE
I thought it would come right out!

A chase ensues, Father after Joe, Mother is distraught over her fur coat ...

Bea is apologetic.

162 CONTD

ABE
Who cares, who cares, everybody take the gaspipe.

After a moment of chasing, the father catches Joe, he takes his strap off.

FATHER
Now you're gonna get it. Once and for all you've got to learn that you can't live like a wild animal!
(hits Joe)

JOE
Ouch!

Father swings again, stubs his own shin, hops.

FATHER
Ouch ... ouch ... Now you're gonna get it double!
(grabs Joe)

Meanwhile the mother is distraught and all is chaos ...

As the father is about to lace into Joe, we hear on radio:

RADIO
We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin. Emergency workers and neighbors outside Stroudsberg, Pennsylvania, are working diligently to locate and remove an eight-year-old girl who has fallen down a well. Polly Phelps fell down the well while playing with friends and has been lodged at the bottom since twelve noon. Reports will be coming to you live on the spot where this tense drama is unfolding ... Police and fire department along with emergency crews are working hard ... we don't know if the child is still living, although authorities are predicting they will rescue the child within moments.

The household pauses in their action.

DISSOLVE TO:

163 EXT. A PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

All the while our coverage is the same kind of details as covered the opening escape artist. Perhaps it is the same radio announcer. The firemen, cops, characters, are in their own way, Keystone Cops.

NEWSCASTER
It has been seven hours and still emergency workers have not been able to contact or free eight-year-old Polly Phelps. Volunteers to go down into the well are limited by the narrow size -- And standing with me is jockey Jack Williams who failed in his bid to descend into the well.

SHOTS of cops pushing back crowd.

SHOTS of the anxious parents.

SHOTS of firemen over well calling down.

FIREMAN
Can you hear me? Polly? Can you hear anything? ...

CUT TO:

164 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

NEWSCASTER
(interviewing man)
Should not the wells have been boarded up?

MAN
Yes ... I can't understand it. There's an ordinance. We'll certainly board it up tomorrow.

NEWSCASTER
Tomorrow -- a word that spells hope for the Phelps family.

CUT TO:

A165 Polly Phelps' family -- distraught.

CUT TO:

165 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Family in the household now in the grip of the drama and having abandoned their other interests.

CUT FROM THEM TO:

166 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. NIGHT. (VARIOUS)

Other families, neighbors, the communists, Needlemans, Waldbaums, but now it is night and the radio is still blaring the details.

NEWSCASTER (VO)
Workers have been going non-stop for the last eight hours and still there is no indication of whether the child is alive. She was a child like yours or mine -- a sweet child, the neighbors report. Happy. She got good grades in school and loved her dog, Cleo. Today, as she scampered with playmates through the very meadow I am now standing on, she took one false step and because of it, here family is on the threshold of a nightmare.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

The site. A priest is there.

The parents distraught.

Men try to lower a midget into the well.

NEWSCASTER
Fireman Reilly has suggested a volunteer midget be lowered into the well and that is what is transpiring at the moment.

MIDGET
I'm stuck! I can't move!

NEWSCASTER
The midget is now stuck. They are trying to extricate the midget. This is just terrible. No, wait! Now he's getting through the bottleneck. The
(MORE)

167 CONTD

NEWSCASTER (contd)
midget is descending the well. Anxious onlookers await -- their faces frozen in anticipation.

We mix it up, coverage of the site with attendant action by the emergency group and flash bulbs going off ...

CUT TO:

168 INT. LISTENERS BESIDE RADIOS. NIGHT. (VARIOUS)

Various homes, a bar, car radio, with girl's blouse off, a couple listens, kiosk radio, everyone listening.

NEWSCASTER (VO)
Now he's getting some kind of grip on the child's body ... he's found her ... whether she remains alive is unknown but I believe he has a hold of her and they are raising him with the body of eight-year-old Polly Phelps ... people here are tense and praying -- bright lights illuminate the grisly, fogbound spectacle ...

CUT TO:

169 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

The site; the body, being lifted out amidst lamps, doctors present, parents, priest ...

NEWSCASTER
She's out ... they have her out! ... Police are urging people to stay back ... The prayers of an entire nation are with her and her parents at this moment ...

SHOT of priest praying.

CUT TO:

170 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The household, the family listens still. The father may even still hold his belt in his hand.

170 CONTD

NEWSCASTER (VO)
Oh god -- we've just received word that the child is dead. Repeat -- the doctors have pronounced Polly Phelps dead. This is terrible ... this is the worst thing I've ever seen ... the priest is speaking with her father and mother ... policemen are crying ... oh, this is terrible ... I can't go on ...
(weeps)

171 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

PLAY SHOTS of the family, stunned and teary-eyed.

CUT TO:

172 INT. LISTENERS' HOMES. NIGHT. (VARIOUS)

Other people at radios, also stunned ...

BACK TO:

173 INT. JOE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The family as radio continues ranting on with the tragedy and the father and mother hold Joe more warmly.

CUT BACK TO:

174 EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FIELD. NIGHT.

The location.

We milk this for a while and when there's nothing more to get from it, WE FADE OUT and INTO FINALE:

175 INT. EL MOROCCO. NIGHT.

It is New Year's Eve and broadcasting live from El Morocco.

BAND LEADER
Good evening -- this is New Year's Eve and we're broadcasting live from El Morocco ... Everyone here is dancing and getting ready to see out the old year and in the new one. Right now, let's listen
(MORE)

175 CONTD

BAND LEADER
to our songbird, Monica Charles, giving us her interpretation of [song to be determined].

She sings, people dance, types ...

WE CUT TO:

176 INT. EL MOROCCO ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

Sally coming in on date with her beau.

People ad-lib hellos to her, she returns them.

SALLY
(to her date)
I used to work in this place. Now I'm here with, of all people -- The Masked Avenger.

AVENGER
Beware, evildoers, wherever you are!

SALLY
(laughs)
Oh, Dennis.

They drink, have fun ...

CUT TO:

177 INT. EL MOROCCO STAGE. NIGHT.

A radio star being intrviewed on stage while the nightclub still functions.

IRENE
And let's just pray that 1944 brings peace and our boys can come back home once and for all.

CUT TO:

178 INT. EL MOROCCO TABLE. NIGHT.

Sally and the Avenger saying hello to radio table, that is, table of people they know, radio personalities. WE RECOGNIZE them from our film -- the soap operas, and mysteries -- a re-cap of all the radio people we've been dealing with.

178 CONTD

SILVER DOLLAR QUIZMASTER
We all came from a party at the network ... Oh, here comes some more ...

Joined by more actors, etc. WE SEE Roger, MC for amateur talent show, small man detective, Reba, Bill Kern, Guess That Tune MC, radio personality (soprano from Sc. 149) and a few radio announcers.

HOST
It's the quiz show contingent ...

Ad-lib partying hellos ...

CUT TO people dancing and with noisemakers.

AVENGER
(with others at table)
It's not even mignight and I'm drunk.

SALLY
Has anyone ever seen the roof of this place?

MAN
The roof?

SALLY
It has the most wonderful view of the city.

AVENGER
How do you know the roof?

SALLY
I was up there once. When I worked here. The circumstances were a little different.

CUT TO:

179 INT. EL MOROCCO STAGE. NIGHT.

Band who play another Cole Porter song.

CUT TO:

180 EXT. EL MOROCCO ROOF. NIGHT.

Radio group taking bottles and going to roof. About ten people. They are half drunk. As they come out under stars they ad-lib the beauty of it.

180 CONTD

They may break up into smaller groups to watch things. We might do fireworks -- who knows? ...

RADIO PERSONALITY
It's cold but nice.

AVENGER
What were you doing up here?

SALLY
It's a long story.

HERBIE HANSON
Look at the sky ... it's so clear.

GUESS THAT TUNE MC
(drinking with others)
And all the lights ... what a city ... Another year is passing ...

IRENE
I hope 1944 turns out well ...

HERBIE HANSON
They pass so quickly ... where do they all go?

NEWSCASTER (POLLY PHELPS)
So quickly ... and then we're old ... and we never knew what any of it was about ...

SALLY
It's a mystery, isn't it?

BILL KERN
We're watching the end of 1943 ... And we're all passing into history ...

RADIO PERSONALITY
Don't be so sad ...

SILVER DOLLAR QUIZMASTER
That's right ... we have it pretty good ... we're the voices all America listens to ... You look out at those lights in the buildings ... we're their dreams ... all those people down there at Times Square ... we're in their homes ... we're part of the families ...

180 CONTD

GIRL
You're very drunk.

AVENGER
I wonder if future generations will ever hear of us? Not likely ... Give it enough time and everything passes ... I don't care how big we are or how important in their lives ...

GUESS THAT TUNE MC
Well sure ... everything passes ...

SALLY
All my gossip about celebrities ... vanishes into thin air ...

SILVER DOLLAR QUIZMASTER
How's that possible!? We're so important in the lives of people today and one day no one will know we existed! Call my agent!

RADIO PERSONALITY
Hey, listen, we're here to celebrate New Year's Eve ... this is not a wake ...

AVENGER
She's right ... To 1944! ...
(drinks)

CUT TO:

181 INT. EL MOROCCO STAGE. NIGHT.

The band leader, who speaks.

BAND LEADER
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one -- Happy 1944!

People scream, cheer, band plays "Auld Lang Syne" ...

CUT TO:

182 INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The adults are kissing or touching to acknowledge.

182 CONTD

MOTHER
(holding baby; to husband)
I'm a little scared for the future.

FATHER
What are you scared about? She's always scared. Don't worry so much.

Aunt Bea carries in Joe, who she's awakened.

MOTHER
What's he doing up?

BEA
I woke him. Why not? So he'll remember 1944. God, I wish this war would be over. There are no single men around. Wake up -- wake up!

CEIL
This is the year you'll meet your true love. I have a feeling in my bones.

ABE
You know what goes with champagne? Red snapper.

FATHER
Happy New Year ... Happy New Year ... Everybody.

CUT TO:

183 EXT. EL MOROCCO ROOF. NIGHT.

The roof of the nightclub ... From below we hear the orchestra playing "Auld Lang Syne" ...

Sally and her date are dancing under the Manhattan skyline ... people kissing and dancing.

JOE (VO)
I never forgot that New Year's Eve ... And I never forgot the voices we used to hear every day on the radio. Although with the
(MORE)

183 CONTD

JOE (VO contd)
passing of each New Year's Eve, those voices do grow dimmer and dimmer.

AVENGER
(as he dances with Sally under stars or fireworks, or both)
Beware, evildoers -- wherever you are!

She laughs, they dance ... we milk it and

FADE OUT.